

LIFE

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'Heroes? Man, we haven't any heroes left!'

Setting off on a tour of U.S. campuses for the college mood story that appears on page 40 this week, the first thing Reporter Jan Mason did after packing her bag was go to see *Alice's Restaurant*. "It turned out to be a good move," she says. "The feelings of sweet and sour, involvement and disparagement, burning anger and simultaneous cool—with humor—that I sensed in Arlo Guthrie were all things that were to hit me again and again across the country." Jan graduated from Smith College well before the current generation arrived, and many campuses seemed very familiar to her. But, she reports, "For the students there now, it's all different. It's NOW. It's NOT a repeat of anything." Here are some more of her observations:

"This college generation is said to have had no history. But they have—plenty. They went through high school reading about their Mario Savios and Stokely Carmichaels. They've been editing and writing their papers, some underground, for years. The more politically aware spoke again and again of 'that devastating year' when Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy were both shot, when McCarthy lost his banner, and 'we all had our heads busted in Chicago'—and even if it was often their friends, not them, who felt the clubs, they all share the scars. When I asked about current heroes I was told, emphatically: 'Heroes? Man, we haven't any heroes left!'

"Each school seemed to have had its Armageddon. People's Park, the Millin Street bust in Madison, Waller's Creek in Austin, sit-ins at Oberlin, the Commons lawn at San Francisco State. They were famous. But they were also, in a sense, past. Now there was an air of privatism and carefully self-controlled dissent. Music—much of it improvised on the spot—carried the mood and made the protest. Songs about local issues, instant rock, folk, gospel. Music seemed to be all around, saying important things. That, and the silence. The long stare. The 'don't put me on' look. You asked a valid question, you'd get a candid answer. No equivocating or begging off.

"You couldn't help noticing the profusion of hair. But it was this openness and directness that stayed with me. The big question was always how best to deal honestly with others. I heard often about kids helping each other through bad trips or with tutoring. They seemed as generous in viewing the other guy's values as they were earnest in seeking their own. It may not be stretching too much to see a kind of secular religion flowering here. *Alice's Restaurant* comes to mind again—I kept hearing echoes of *Amazing Grace*."



JAN MASON

Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor



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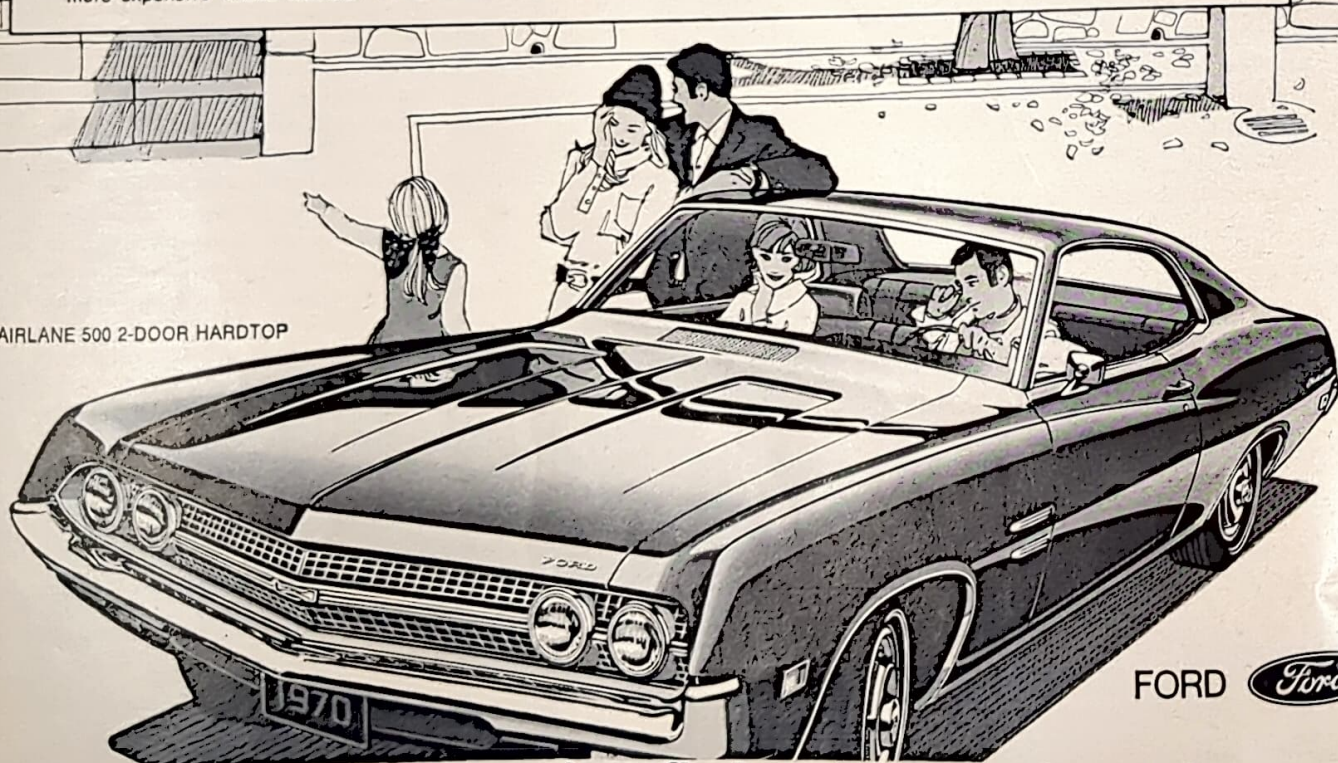
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In the shadow of Mylai

Horace Champney is 64 and frail, with a white beard, and since the first of July he has come almost daily to make his very personal plea for peace in a niche outside the White House fence near the northwest gate, which is on Pennsylvania Avenue. He is a kindly, tidy Quaker from Yellow Springs, Ohio. He settles himself on the stone foundation which anchors the high iron fence, sets up his peace placards and hands out his messages to those who move along the avenue. He has been there in the heat and the rain and now the cold. He has been joined by students and hippies and Black Panthers and other sorts who find their way to Washington to bring their protest. But they all seem to tire and only Champney endures. He has become a fixture of sorts, familiar—and almost invisible, in time—to White House staff members, police and reporters who come and go through the gate.

Champney's special thing has been a large photograph of a 5- or 6-year-old South Vietnamese girl which he props up beside him. One of his signs demands an end to the war "from the children of Vietnam." The tiny child looks out at the people with huge, soulful eyes, scared but trusting. It is an appealing picture. It always brought an inner tug but it also raised a mild resentment against Champney for "using" the kids.

All that changed last week when the full weight of the Mylai massacre settled on the city. There were not so many who denounced him. More people took his leaflets. Others looked at the child's picture, then at him and then hurriedly glanced away. In microcosm, here on a Washington sidewalk, one could see played out America's shocked reaction to Mylai.

Ironically, nobody in Washington is cer-

tain how to measure the impact of this event. There have been no instant public opinion polls, nor tabulations of the incoming mail. From the Capitol down the full mile of Pennsylvania Avenue most men grope for words, then fall silent. But the heavy knowledge of it hangs there in every congressional office, at every dinner party and cocktail hour.

The President has talked about it but with only a few of his closest advisers. He has talked about it in quiet tones as one who has been the father of small children. Nixon like everyone else is unable to absorb the full dimensions of the horror. But he is also Commander-in-Chief and in the midst of his own shock at the massacre is an awareness of the further tragedy of the shadow cast on all American troops, men he has walked among and praised as the best of the nation. At the White House last week he launched an almost frantic display of normalcy, ending with his planned attendance at the Texas-Arkansas football game Saturday. Some criticized his actions but the longer view was that Nixon, consciously or unconsciously, was reaching for identity with some common things in American life which are wholesome and durable and have not been tainted by the Vietnam war. Yet his actions suggested that he, who had proclaimed even more loudly than most the rightness of that war, had been somehow forced to look at it in a new light.

Up on the hill a staff member of Senator William Fulbright's Foreign Relations Committee sat down to write another plea for a more rapid end to the war. For a moment he pondered using the massacre as a device for focusing the message but then he abandoned the idea. It was too ghastly to exploit. "There is so much real meaning you can't say anything more," he concluded.

The hawks were stunned, some hostile, showing their own wounds. Senator Peter Dominick looked for a target and, following the lead of Vice President Agnew,

implied that the bearers of the news were part of the crime, as if hiding the full details would make it better. The continuing press reports served "no public need to know," Dominick insisted on the Senate floor last week, further suggesting that somehow the story could have been told without "eyewitness statements" and something he called "unverified photographs."

"You think about it," said one of Nixon's staff members, "you refer to it, you talk about it, but in the end you walk away from it." In the White House mess and the back offices they contemplated the contradictory moralities of modern war. "There is a split," said one of the President's close aides. "A hundred are killed like this on the ground and you have a crime. A fighter pilot might do the same thing but it is different." In the end there was always bafflement.

If there was any White House policy, it was to demonstrate both that in the context of the war the killing was an aberration and that the matter must be dealt with fairly and unflinchingly. Those around Nixon saw it in two dimensions. First, the nation had the right and need to know the full scope of the event. Yet there was the legal dimension, too, the problem of providing a fair trial for the accused in the midst of such widespread emotional reaction. And the Administration was angered at the further problem caused by the Army's great delay in reporting the massacre and passing along word to the White House. Defense Secretary Laird first informed the President in a 20-page memo in late August.

Henry Kissinger, the President's assistant for national security affairs and the man most intimately involved in the Vietnam war, was hit even harder than others. He told friends that it was possible for the country to comprehend a case like that of the Green Berets, where spying and counterspying led to man-to-man violence. That sort of thing was daily fare in the news, the literature and the movies. But Mylai was not within the national experience, said Kissinger. Who could understand the psychology of the battlefield or the inside of men's minds at that moment in history? Kissinger, like the others, felt a weird and awesome new element in the national life. To him, as to the others, it had come as a surprise. "Every time we think things are getting better," said a White House man, "something comes along to teach us humility."



Horace Champney, 64, demonstrates in front of the White House. A child psychologist, he has served in Vietnam with a Quaker hospital mission.



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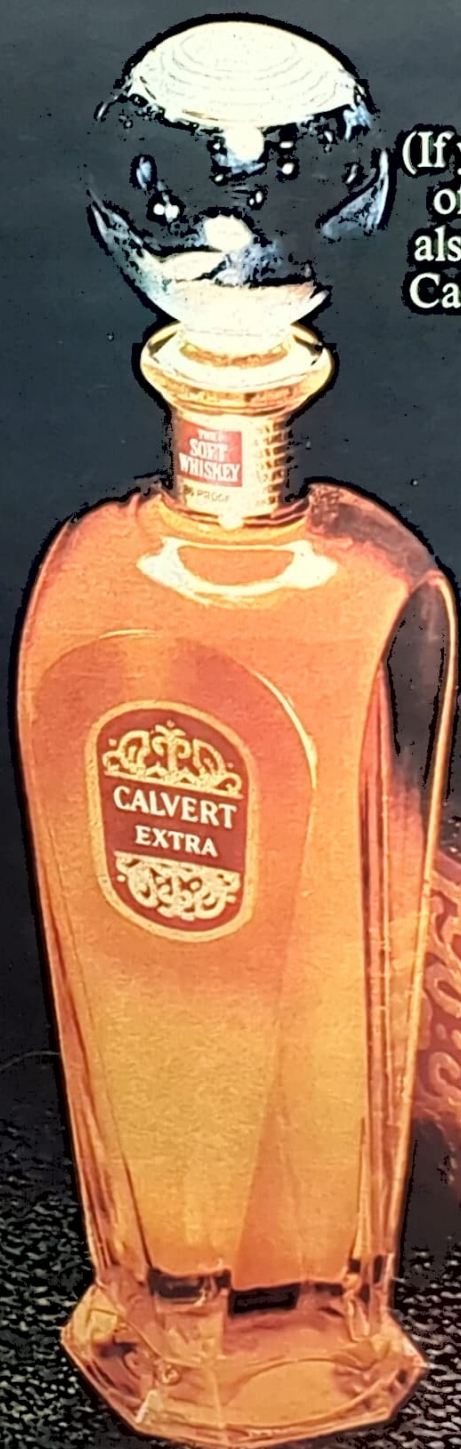
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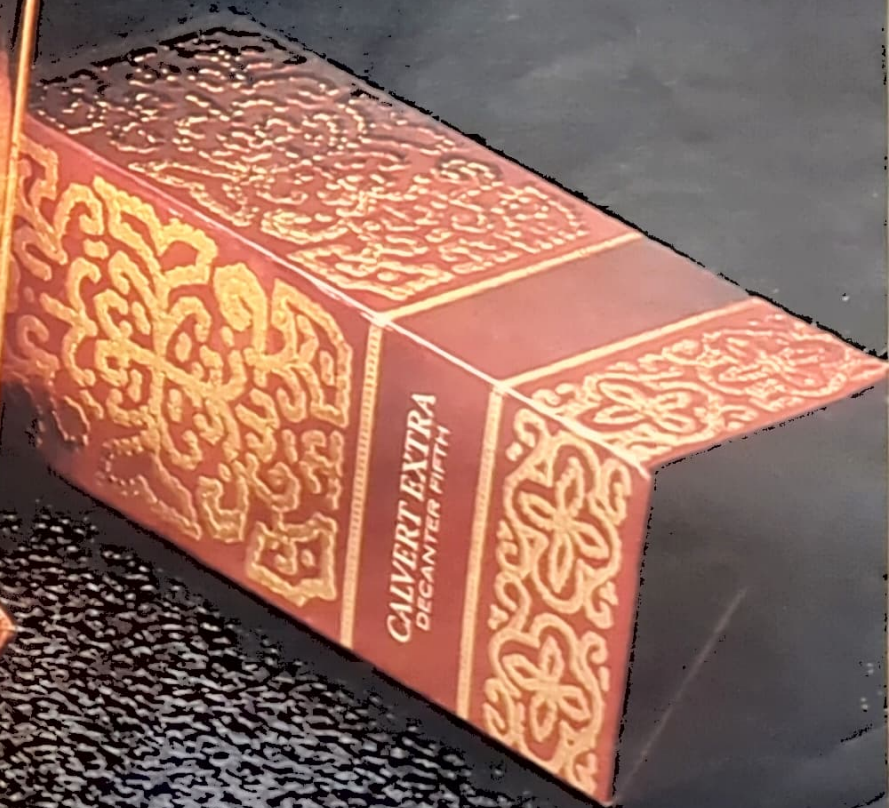
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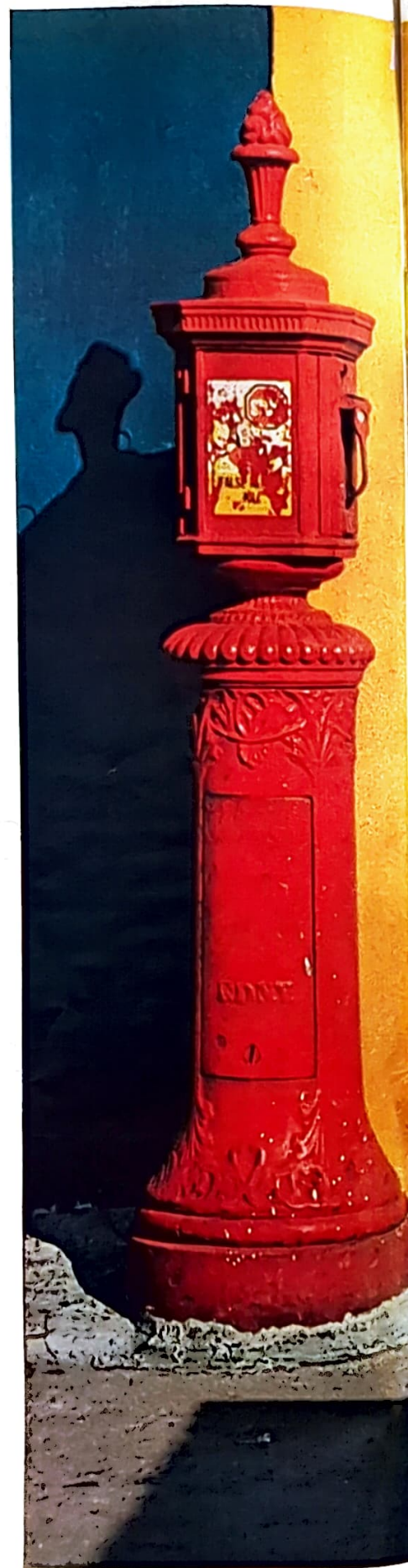


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GALLERY

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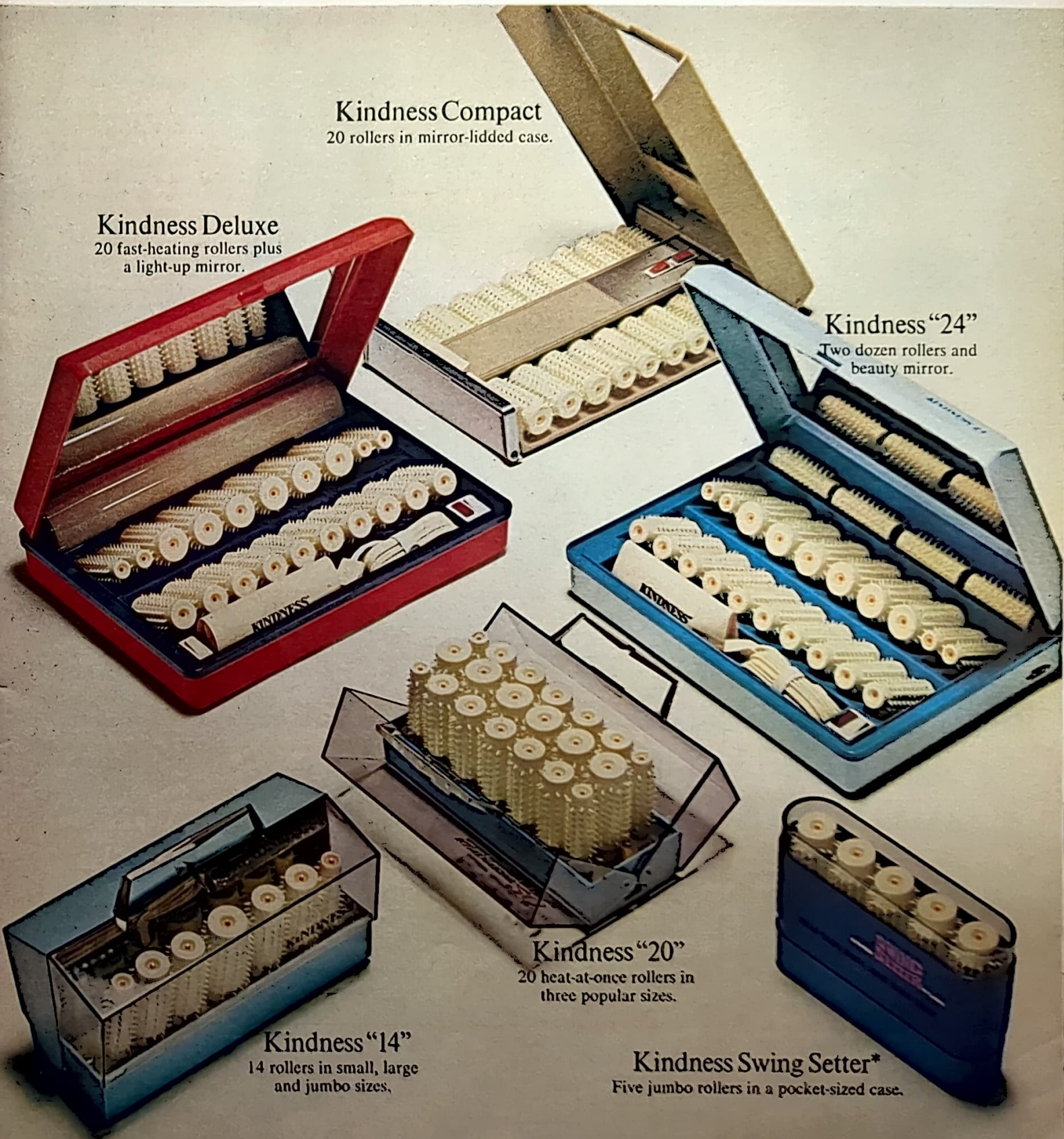
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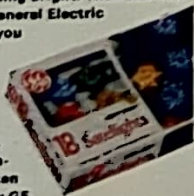


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LIFE BOOK REVIEW

The Anatomy of a Love-Hate Klassic

KRAZY KAT

by GEORGE HERRIMAN (Grosset & Dunlap, Inc.) \$7.95

Krazy Kat lovers everywhere will be glad to know that Krazy and the whole crowd from Coconino County are back in the bookstores. Those of us with a "febrile fancitude" for the comic strip of the mouse-loving cat and the brick-throwing mouse, which George Herriman drew from 1909 until his death in 1944, clutched to our "fool bosoms" a 1946 collection by Henry Holt & Co. that had an excellent introduction by E. E. Cummings. That book went out of print in the early 1950s. For those who treasure it and want more, Grosset & Dunlap's new *Krazy Kat* is particularly attractive since, although it is not so rich as the first one and is grievously burdened with unnecessary cute captions that remind me of the condescending sound tracks tone-deaf distributors insist on adding to silent-film anthologies, it is better reproduced and it duplicates very

constantly menaced by Ignatz ("I'll dahlink"), a mouse with a mission, intent on tossing a brick at the Kat's "bony bean." Offissa B. Pupp, driven by duty ("a matter of law & order") and love, tries to separate mouse from brick, to protect Krazy's head, and when he fails, as he usually does, to see that Ignatz is properly paid out with the "hoosegow, jug, or kalaboose, klink or even gaol—but here in Coconino County—we simply call it 'JAIL.'" The switcheroo—which is to say the philosophical import of the strip—is that, for Krazy, Ignatz's brick is the evidence of love. Consider her beatific smile when the brick hits her skull and—since it is a fulfillment too sweet for words—the heart that so often fills the balloon over her head. Offissa Pupp, her protector, necessar-

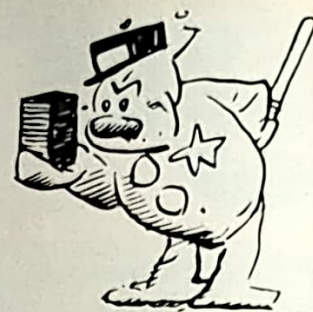


ily becomes the real menace to her, but the three are so deeply enmeshed in their drama that when any of them changes character—as one sometimes does for a strip or so—the other two join forces to reestablish the classic disharmony.

Barbara Gelman says in her foreword to the new book that "there is no explaining *Krazy Kat*," and implies that one should simply experience the strip. So go ahead, experience, but, like Krazy, I prefer a little pondering,

few of the strips in the old collection. There is a historical section, illustrating the beginnings of *Krazy Kat*, but most of the strips reflect today's tastes (Herriman was a man for all seasons), emphasizing the way the cartoonist played with broad verbal and physical gags and his occasional forays into oblique political comment. For the newcomer to *Krazy*, there is enough of the basic strip to provide a legitimate introduction.

The basic *Krazy Kat* is, of course, the tale of a Kat and a Mouse and a Kop and a Brick. Krazy, the hero-heroine ("According to his creator, willing to be either," Gilbert Seldes reported in *The Seven Lively Arts*), is



too—otherwise, "no skendil-no got, zip-no talk-no konvission-no jeh, ha-jehba-no nuttin-so dull." Cummings, tongue only slightly in cheek, makes a good case for a political reading of the comic in which society (Kop) and the individual (Ignatz) struggle for the democratic ideal (Krazy); several strips in the new collection—the one on liberty and censorship, the sequence in which Offissa Pupp becomes Judge Pupp—seem to bear him out. Yet I go for another reading. I prefer *Krazy Kat* as a parable of good (bad) intentions gone



awry; for me, it is a sad-happy dramatization of the transforming distance between throwing hand and receiving head, between impulse and act.

There is much more to *Krazy Kat*. There are the beguiling peripheral figures (particularly Mrs. Kwakk Wakk) and the joy of the language—alliteration, bombast, elegant slang. Most of all, there is the "strictly irrational landscape in perpetual metamorphosis," as Cummings calls it, a background as fascinating as the action in front.

I remember my surprise one Sunday many years ago upon discovering the denizens of Walt Kelly's swamp acting out Herriman's charade with the ladybug: "How's the 'old boy'? Still living at the 'club'? Still 'single'...?" A shady business, I thought at the time, but now I see it as an act of homage—like Truffaut quoting Jean Vigo's *Zéro de Conduite* in *The 400 Blows*. No Kat ever deserved commendation more.

Mr. Weales is a professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania with a lifelong interest in *Krazy Kat*.

by Gerald Weales

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Right: 1970 Ford Galaxie 500 2-Door SportsRoof



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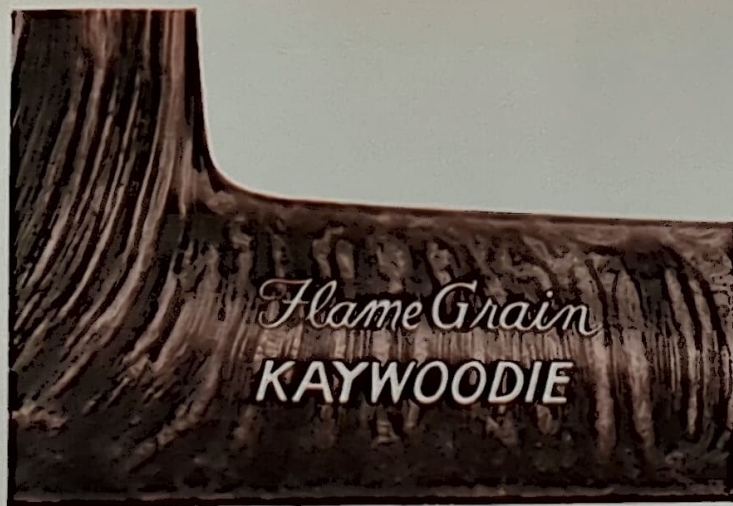
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LIFE MUSIC REVIEW

Big, Bad Boss of the Blues

THE REBIRTH OF B. B. KING

History plays strange tricks on pop artists. Take the quirky career of B. B. King, now being hallyhoed as the big bad boss of the blues. Destiny opened its account with B.B. by granting him unlimited credit as a native son of the blues. His roots he was allowed to strike in the hallowed soil of the Mississippi Delta. His sound he got listening to a "sanctified" preacher who rocked the hymns with an electric guitar. His career in show business began with a job as a medicine man, pitching a lickerish tonic called "Pepticon" from a black radio station in Memphis.

Benevolent as history was, however, in laying these blessings on the boy, it was equally malevolent in thrusting him forward just at the moment when the public was turning away from his art.

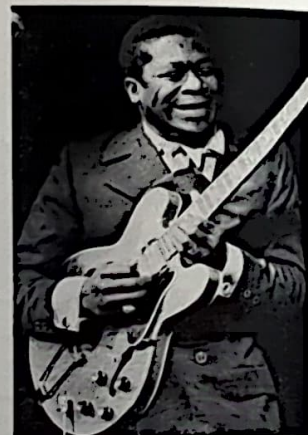
The problem was one of social change in the black community. After World War II, most Negroes believed their destiny lay in assimilating the values of the dominant white culture. They resented the blues because it reminded them of ignorance, suffering and slavery. The only popular style was the so-called "clean blues," a Tin Pan alloy of blues and pop, black and white, heavily influenced by the suave manner of the commercial ballad singer. It was with this debased idiom that B. B. King was forced to work for many years, making bricks without straw and blues without guts.

The whole sad story is told by a 1965 album titled *B. B. King Live at the Regal [Theater]*. You hear a clench-throated singer—a hoarse Jim Ameche—working in front of a sloppy jump band that plays old-fashioned swing arrangements with boogie basses and bouncy traveling beats. As this pack of winded jazz hounds runs through its ritual of excitement, the star of the show empties his bag of theatrical tricks. One moment he screams in falsetto passion; the next he calmly preaches a sermonette. In his big medley, the pattern goes: (cooly) "Perhaps some of you may remember—" (belting it) "It's four o'clock in the morning, baby!" (applause, screams). "Thank you, thank you, an' now..." A warier, more

routined performance would be hard to imagine.

What saved B. B. King and restored him to his true vocation was the Great White Blues Revival. No longer a black star in a black sky but a shining symbol to the Generation, B.B. soon found his way back to the real spit-on-the-floor-and-rub-it-in-with-your-boot-heel blues. Today he projects that traditional style with the power and authority that comes from being a blues person, a man who has suffered and paid dues until he regards the mere fact of his existence as an achievement worthy of song.

This revitalized B. B. King is what comes through on the recent hugely successful *Alive and Well*, especially



B. B. KING

on the great *Why I Sing the Blues*. To answer this key question of his life, B.B. assumes the role of the Universal Nigger, witness and victim of the entire tragedy of black life in America. Ranging like another Juvenal in another Rome from slave ship to ghetto to tenement, from slum school to welfare office, he builds relentlessly his indictment of a society that denies food to the poor, education to the ignorant and charity to the blind. This woe-filled spectacle he surveys not as a preacher or a politician but as a bluesman with an instinct for the life born from suffering, the pride wrung from humiliation. Passing from grim humor to heart-bracing indignation, he rises finally on a bass that rolls like destiny to a furious exultancy in suffering that is almost joy. "I just love to sing my blues," he shouts—and you know that B. B. King has found the answer to his question, an answer as honest, as paradoxical and profound as the life and art he celebrates.

Mr. Goldman is a critic who frequently reviews popular music for LIFE

by Albert Goldman



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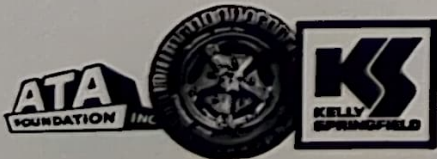
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LIFE MOVIE REVIEW

A Worse Movie of a Bad Book

THE ARRANGEMENT
directed by Elia Kazan

In the great debate over what does and what does not constitute a dirty movie, I should like to put forward as an archetypal obscenity Elia Kazan's *The Arrangement*. Like the much criticized *Coming Apart*, it is about a man (Kirk Douglas) who cracks up when he finds middle-class values and the approach of middle age intolerable. Unlike *Coming Apart*, however, *The Arrangement* gives us considerable historical detail about its subject's case, makes an overt indictment of the materialist philosophy that has brought him low and posits the possibility of redemption through renunciation of that philosophy and the love of a presumptively good woman (Faye Dunaway).

Fine. It is in the business of processing his own best-seller for the screen that Mr. Kazan has gone either sadly or laughably wrong. The book was, to be sure, a fat and foolish thing, but it conveyed the impression of having been felt by its author. One emerged from it appalled by its vulgarity, but with the sense that a crude, vigorous mind had confronted in it the existential void at the center of the success ethic. To anyone familiar with Mr. Kazan's work as a stage and screen director the vulgarity was no surprise; what was startling—and in a way appealing—was his innocence, his almost adolescent surprise at discovering that the road to spiritual contentment did not run past a busy box office.

The movie lacks any such saving grace. What saved *Coming Apart* was its austerity, its refusal to make its characters or their situation even fleetingly attractive. It rubbed our noses in degradation and desperation and offered us but two choices—surrender or flight. *The Arrangement* induces a state somewhere between those two alternatives—a kind of numb voyeurism. What fascinates us against our better instincts is a curious spectacle: a movie about a man trying to recover from the effects of selling out that is itself selling out on every conceivable level.

For example: the basic look of the movie is that of an old-fashioned (circa 1940-1950) studio job. But Mr. Kazan wants us to know that although he hasn't directed for six years

he is up with the changing film fashions. So he goes against the basic grain of the work by giving us a clutter of hip effects—helicopter shots, flash cuts backward and forward, expressionistic visualizations of his hero's fantasy life, allusions to the multi-media fad, even Biff-Bam-Pow titles superimposed on a fight scene, à la *Batman*. He has also observed, clever man, that movies are more free about explicitly detailing the sex act, so poor Mr. Douglas must do some beefcake poses and poor Miss Dunaway must allow her breasts to be mauled whenever passion is to be mimed.

One could go on and on about Mr. Kazan's attempts to have everything in his movie. He makes a modest effort to satirize Mr. Douglas' profes-



Elia Kazan

sion (ad man) and his life style (gaudy), but satire is a jarringly wrong mode of expression in the context of the film and, besides, his camera too lovingly caresses the goodies he has acquired. Kazan seems to think Miss Dunaway, as the woman for whom his protagonist gives all this up, represents sexual and intellectual honesty, but he keeps giving her scenes in which she can be understood only as a neurotic bed-hopper.

In short, there is no way to understand *The Arrangement* except as an act of commercialized desperation. At every turn it betrays evidence that the director has abused the trust of his actors, placing them in situations where his camera and his obvious attempt to salvage a bad job in the editing room can only humiliate them. Worse, however, is his betrayal of himself. In the course of trying to convert his novel into a \$10 million spectacle he has misplaced whatever feeling, whatever painfully acquired self-knowledge that went into his original act of creation.

by Richard Schickel

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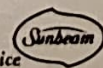


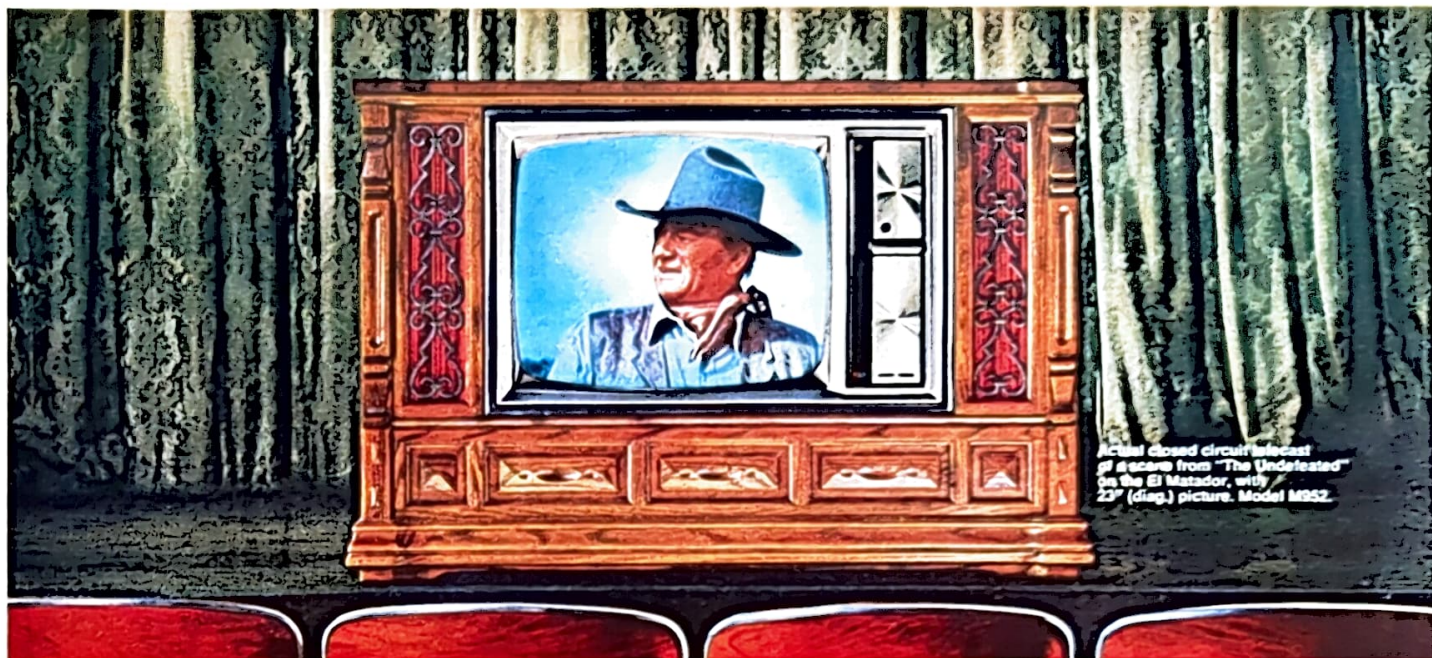
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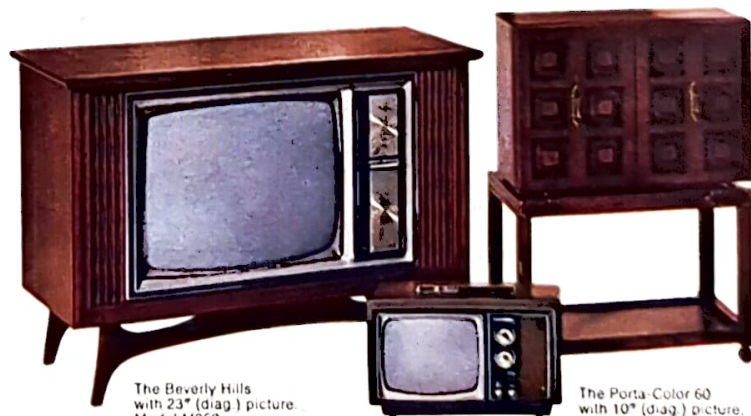
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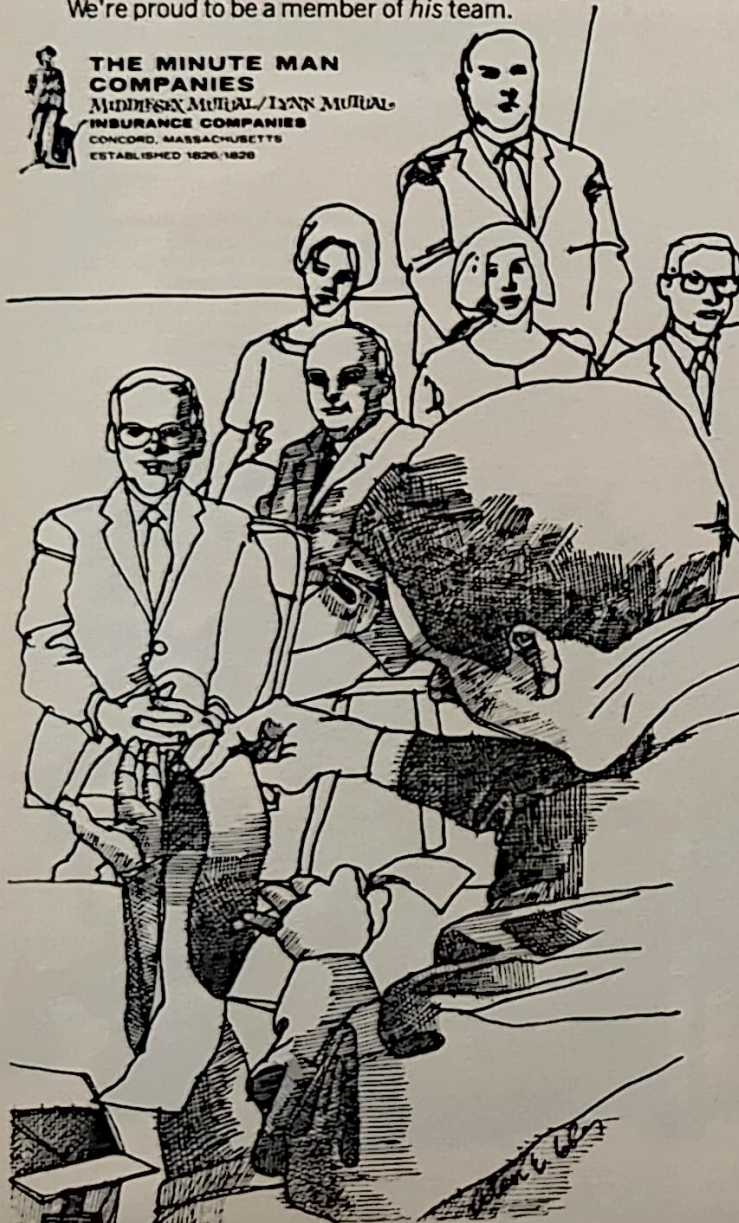


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LIFE BOOK REVIEW



Kenneth Gangemi

Tiny Gem from Trivia and Trash

OLT
by KENNETH GANGEMI
(The Orion Press) \$3.50

Frederick the Great attributed his hemorrhoids to eating highly spiced eel pie, the poet William Blake attributed his to living in Highgate, and if we look in Flaubert's *Dictionnaire des Idées Reçues*, we discover that you get piles from sitting on washpots and stone walls. That elate dictionary contains exclusively the free-floating trash of the modern mind with which we still carry on conversations and compose the large part of newspapers and magazines. Flaubert gathered this harvest of clichés in order to write his last novel, *Bouvard et Pécuchet*, the story of two French clerks who retire to educate themselves. James Joyce recognized this novel as the most perceptive of the 19th Century and created Leopold Bloom, the complete 20th Century man, whose opinions and sentiments are a catalogue of the contents of the modern mind, thoroughly up-to-date even after 65 years. Knowledge, once ordered, has now become an atomic rain of random particles under which the mind dances like a toy balloon in a hailstorm.

It was therefore to be expected that a novelist would emerge with a protagonist whose entire attention is taken up by the trivial, erotic, scientific, culinary and statistical trash spewed quaquaversally from a culture which, whatever its other pretensions to existence, authenticates every detail of itself by passing it through a printing press. It is with a kind of icy disbelief that we make ourselves realize that Dante never read a newspaper. The hero of Mr. Gangemi's novel, a vague young man named Robert Olt, inhabits a world of print. His excursions into the world of matter—the zoo, Grand Canyon, a summer in Europe—are scholarly field trips only. His passions, predilections and responses derive from the library, the encyclopedia and the newspaper. Robert Olt has become an adept of the detached fact, the most efficient and eloquent exposition of which is the list—a tradition that begins in *Robinson Crusoe*, the first of modern novels, accelerates in *Gulliver's Travels* and arrives at Homeric grandeur in Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*.

We are told that Olt read about "electric hubble-taxis, Japanese bull-fights, skyscraper universities, California supermarkets, porpoise races, anti-VD vaccines, cardboard coffins, 100-pound turkeys, Chinese cowboys, Hitler dolls, power toboggans, poker schools, butterfly farmers..." Such constant brain food has shaped his sensibilities so that what isn't a bit, any of trivia in this novel is an account of Olt's selective eye. He is a specialist in objects which could not possibly offer a rational excuse for their existence: a comic-book *Hamlet*, an appendix preserved in plastic, a magazine called *Muscle Girls*.

Mr. Gangemi (pronounced *gan-jemmy*) has distilled all this in only 53 pages, so that if reality could fold over into fiction, Olt might note in passing that a 32-year-old ex-civil engineer and Navy pilot has written a novel in which the characterization is achieved solely by depicting a consciousness suspended in the Brownian movement of random information, and which is slim and concise. Indeed, Mr. Gangemi is as much in the van, among the drums and fifes, with his form as with his subject matter. One of the best novels of the year is Michel Bernanos' *The Other Side of the Mountain*, which is as thin as a piece of toast; and in the higher reaches of the arts there is the sculptor, novelist, poet and philosopher Carl André whose 22 novels occupy exactly two pages. Here is his 11th, entire: "John Henry Baggage fell in love with his wife. Mistaking his intentions, she called the police and had him arrested."

But the real significance of Mr. Gangemi's brief and evasively meaningful little novel may be that the coherence of things as they appear in novels has come unstuck, and that the novel is about to follow the play, the poem and the film into a wild and welcome spree of innovations. High time. As entrenched in our culture as war and taxes, the novel has persisted in its conventions despite *Tristram Shandy*, *Ulysses* and *Wyndham Lewis' The Human Age*. At least Mr. Gangemi has provided a model: a novel which restricts itself to what a novel can do; Olt cannot be filmed, put on the stage or condensed for *Reader's Digest*. Like Robert Olt himself, Mr. Gangemi's novel is as insubstantial as a reflection in plate glass. And as charming and mysterious.

Mr. Davenport teaches English at the University of Kentucky in Lexington.

by Guy Davenport

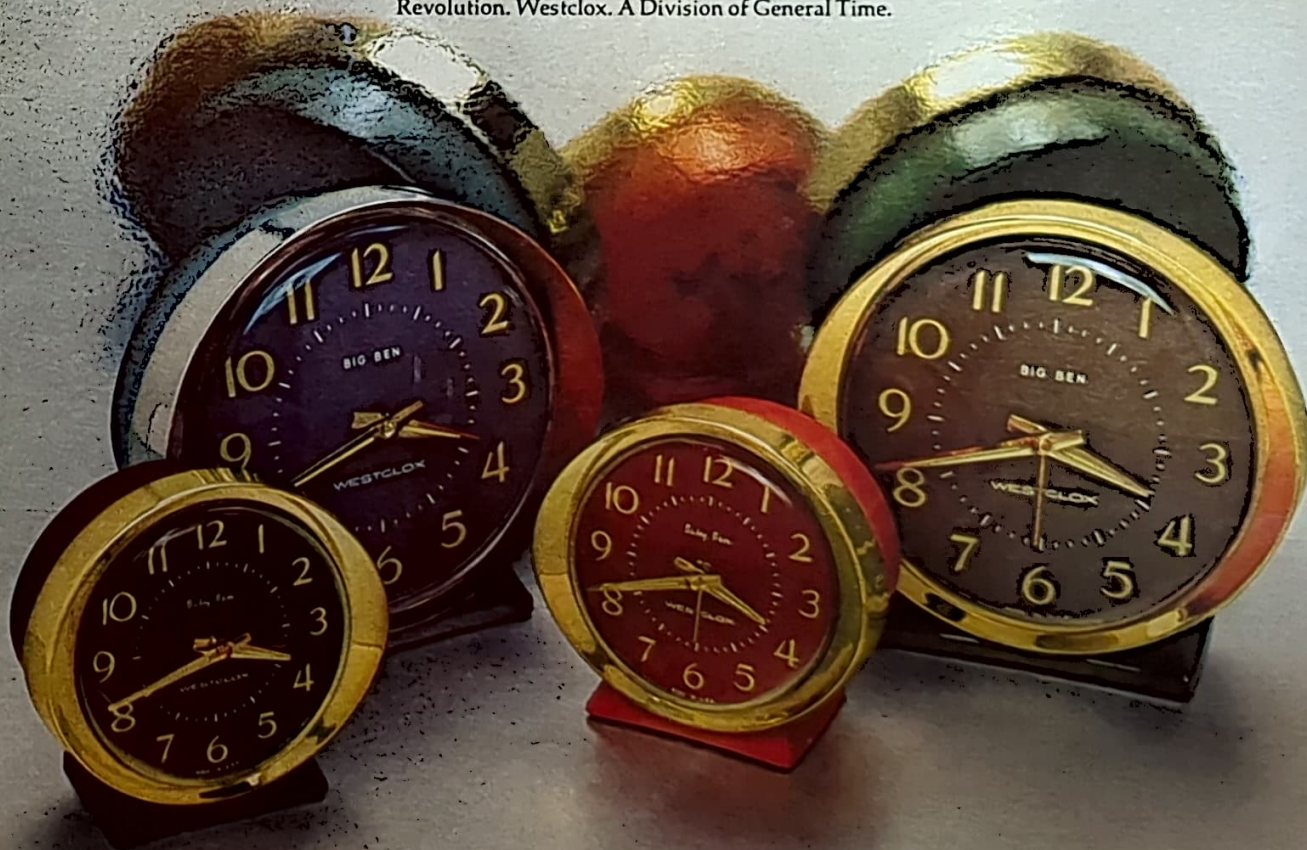
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SCROOGE: The good name of lovable Ebenezer Scrooge is enough to get credit anywhere. Anyway, didn't I tell you nothing would happen to Marley? So, as for your MONEY key man policy, let me repeat—bah! humbug!

Ed. Note: It is our contention that had Ebenezer Scrooge taken out the MONEY key man policy and not suffered business woes on Marley's death, he might have mellowed with age instead of becoming an increasingly crotchety old buzzard. Which, ordinarily, would bring us to the moral that follows. But first, may we at MONEY wish you all a Merry Christmas and, in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us, every one!"

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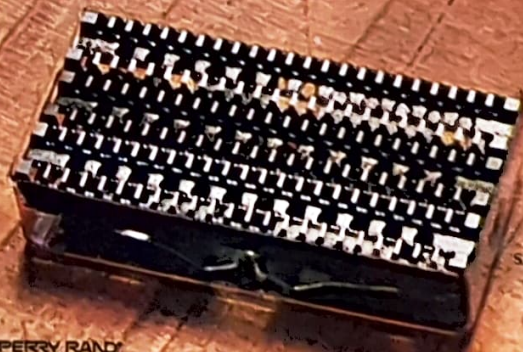
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December 25:
Close, comfortable shaves start.

On Christmas Day, give him the new REMINGTON® *Lektro Blade* shaver with disposable blades. It'll give him the closest, most comfortable electric shaves possible. Because the blades are *four times* sharper than any we've ever made before—blades so sharp they get dull.

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Canadian Whisky—A blend of selected whiskies, 6 years old, 86.8 proof. Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C. Gift-wrapped at no extra charge.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

LESSON FOR THE LIVING

Sirs:

As an R.N., I have been asked many times how I could nurse the dying ("A Profound Lesson for the Living," Nov. 21). My answer has been that their amazing courage sustains one. Time after time I have seen the five emotional stages Dr. Kübler-Ross speaks of. When allowed in our modern hospital setting, death is full of dignity. We in the medical profession need to be aware of this and allow it in the doomed patient without forcing on him extraordinary means of sustaining life.

MRS. WILLIAM ROADY

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

I have been down this road, and after the bitterness, the rage, the self-pity and depression, there is the serenity of acceptance and a freedom from fear, although hope never dies completely. In my case, I did improve.

Loudon Wainwright's article will, I hope, give the living and healthy a better understanding of how they might help the very ill. The loneliness and isolation is the most difficult, often because the mind seems to sharpen while the body deteriorates.

We are human, with all human feeling, until we die. Let those of us who will live treat those who may not as humans at all times, not as clinical cases.

ALENE JOHNSON LUCAS

Jacksonville, Fla.

Sirs:

Hope is that gift from God which sometimes performs miracles. Don't knock it with the cynicism of psychiatry and a clinical record of a presupposed "five stages of death."

MRS. WARREN WRIGHT

Framingham, Mass.

Sirs:

Oh, the shame and pity of it. Here we are wasting billions in a useless war and billions to get to the moon twice in one year. Maybe some of this money put to work in research could save this lovely young woman.

WALTER SPAETH

Elmhurst, N.Y.

Sirs:

One of the major obstacles in the treatment of acute leukemia patients is the presence of physicians who try to understand the patient's maneuvers toward acceptance of death without making serious efforts to gear the patient's psychology toward hope and life.

Modern medicine is becoming more and more focused on the diseased cell, losing sight of the man beyond the world of cells.

PHILIP A. SALEM, M.D.

Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center
New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Why, I ask, does the patient have to be informed at all that he is dying? To the vast, vast majority knowing becomes a frightening curse.

SAM KASHAR

Mt. Vernon, N.Y.

CLAES OLDENBURG

Sirs:

Those Oldenburg squoshies ("Master of the Soft Touch," Nov. 21): it's shocking that the prestigious likes of LIFE and the Museum of Modern Art would give them space. This is art? More likely a case of the Emperor's New Toilets.

M. WHITOL

Middletown, N.J.

Sirs:

Sorry to see that Claes Oldenburg is regarded as "one of the foremost contemporary artists." Where?

JYTTE O. WILLIS

Manhasset, N.Y.

JOHNNY CASH

Sirs:

I grew up in the era Johnny Cash grew up in and sings about ("Hard-Times King of Song," Nov. 21). Thanks, but I don't care to be reminded.

GLADYS E. MCGAUGH

Midwest City, Okla.

Sirs:

Every time I pick up a magazine with some goodies about Johnny Cash, the writer invariably spoils it all by pointing out in the very first sentence that he has a "ruined" face. I think it's high time somebody straightened you boys out! Johnny Cash's face happens to be his greatest asset. It portrays the persevering spirit of a man with "the will to do and the soul to dare." Grant you, the weighty aspects of his life can be easily detected, but not in a ruined way.

ALICE MAJDOCH

Milwaukee, Wis.

Sirs:

You say he "appeals to Americans who are fed up with city life." You are wrong. His appeal is his sincerity; there is nothing phony about Johnny Cash.

MRS. WILLIAM TRACY

Riverside, R.I.

Sirs:

I recognize Johnny Cash on the cover—but who is the beautiful lady behind him? Boy, what drivers! The side rods indicate a probable 4-8-4 or "Northern" type. If the steam isn't a prop, this would indicate a 4-8-4 locomotive run in recent years, of which four roads qualify—Canadian National, Union Pacific, Burlington, and Reading. Drivers of the first three ranged from 73 to 80 inches in diameter. The Boxpok driv-

ers in your picture look about 70 inches, the size of the Reading job. But the running board (upper right corner) was originally thicker. Is that one of Reading's famous T-1s? Or what?

BILL WILKES

Riverside, Calif.

► The steam is a prop. The locomotive is Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis NS76, 4-8-4 type, Class J-3. It is now in Nashville's Centennial Park, stationary.—ED.

JESSE JACKSON

Sirs:

As a communications student, I would like to commend John Pekkane for his obvious objectivity ("Jesse Jackson—Black Hope, White Hope," Nov. 21). Grade him "A." Overlooking Jackson's vanity and other shortcomings, he appears to have the potential of another great leader for the Negroes. However, exploiting his expectation into the food of white patrons while serving them as a waiter, he hurt more than helped the cause of his race.

R. R. PEDEN

Chino, Calif.

Sirs:

I have never been so insulted in my life. The article on Reverend Jesse Jackson was a personal insult to all black people.

PHYLLIS GIBSON

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

We've survived sit-ins, love-ins, laugh-ins, even drive-ins. But, Godalmighty, I'm not ready for a split-in!

FRED J. VOIGT

Malden, Mass.

TULE ELK

Sirs:

I find the "authorized hunt" policy limiting Tule elk herd size ("Bizarre Lottery To Thin Down a Rare Herd," Nov. 21) a senseless means of preserving an endangered species.

Fortunately, legislative action is possible. Additional grazing land is obviously needed, and both Senator Alan Cranston and I have introduced bills calling for feasibility studies for establishing a national wildlife refuge for Tule elk preservation.

GEORGE E. BROWN JR.

House of Representatives
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

What a crying pity that those 80 elk that were shot down couldn't have been herded instead to more favorable feeding grounds. But then that all-important money rolling in from the sale of hunting licenses and the lottery to determine the "lucky" 80 winners is far more important to California's fish and game commission.

MEDIE SHIVELY

Louisville, Ky.

Sirs:

Your discussion of the Tule elk suggests misunderstanding of the biological relationship of browsing mammals (such as deer, elk and moose) with their range. An overpopulation of 25% (80 of 330) in an absolutely limited range without natural predators is extremely dangerous to the vigor of such species. Objections to such essential herd thinning are, in fact, objections to the survival of the Tule elk, under whatever banner they may come.

REV. DAVID BACKUS

Conover, Wis.

THE PRESIDENCY

Sirs:

"[Nixon] sometimes sees Communism as the great menace," writes Mr. Hugh Sidey ("Behind Nixon's Vietnam Stand," Nov. 21). Possibly Mr. Sidey can shrug off twenty years of Communist aggression, along with the other intellectuals. Nixon cannot afford to be so insouciant.

WARREN SNYDER

Evanston, Ill.

Sirs:

Mr. Sidey's comment about the Veterans Day "Freedom Rally" is a better description of the revolutionists than of the patriots. Efforts by many such writers to construct a right-wing, totalitarian, militant bogeyman out of every expression of peaceful patriotic concern is precisely what Vice President Agnew is talking about.

FRANKLIN B. RESSEGUIE

Binghamton, N.Y.

COACH HAYES

Sirs:

How I enjoyed watching Ohio State get beaten by Michigan, especially after reading "The Reincarnation of Woody Hayes" (Nov. 21).

MRS. PAUL K. GRAEGIN

Highland, Ind.

Sirs:

I'm mad!!! That article about Woody Hayes by William Barry Furlong did it! The whole article has a false ring to it. This is not the Woody we have all known and respected for 19 years.

MRS. HARRY G. ALLEN

New Vienna, Ohio

PARTING SHOTS

Sirs:

Your Parting Shots (Nov. 21) brought forth the following:

To report the week's

headlines in verse

Is a way of deflecting

the curse

From the grimmest of times

To a garden of rhymes

And the verse, to be terse,

could be worse.

AMY L. JACKSON

Newtown, Conn.

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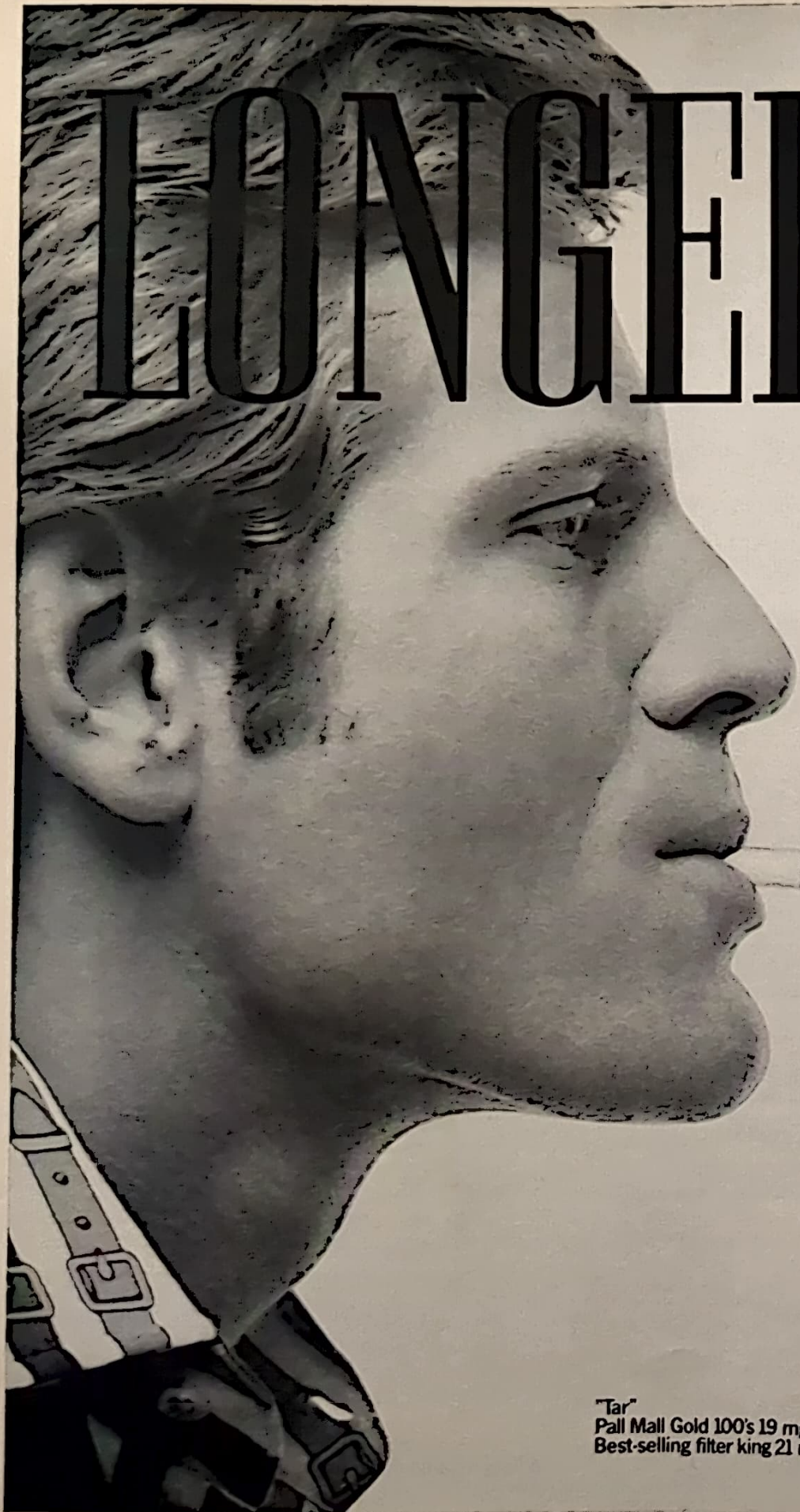
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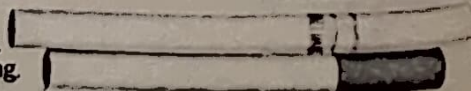
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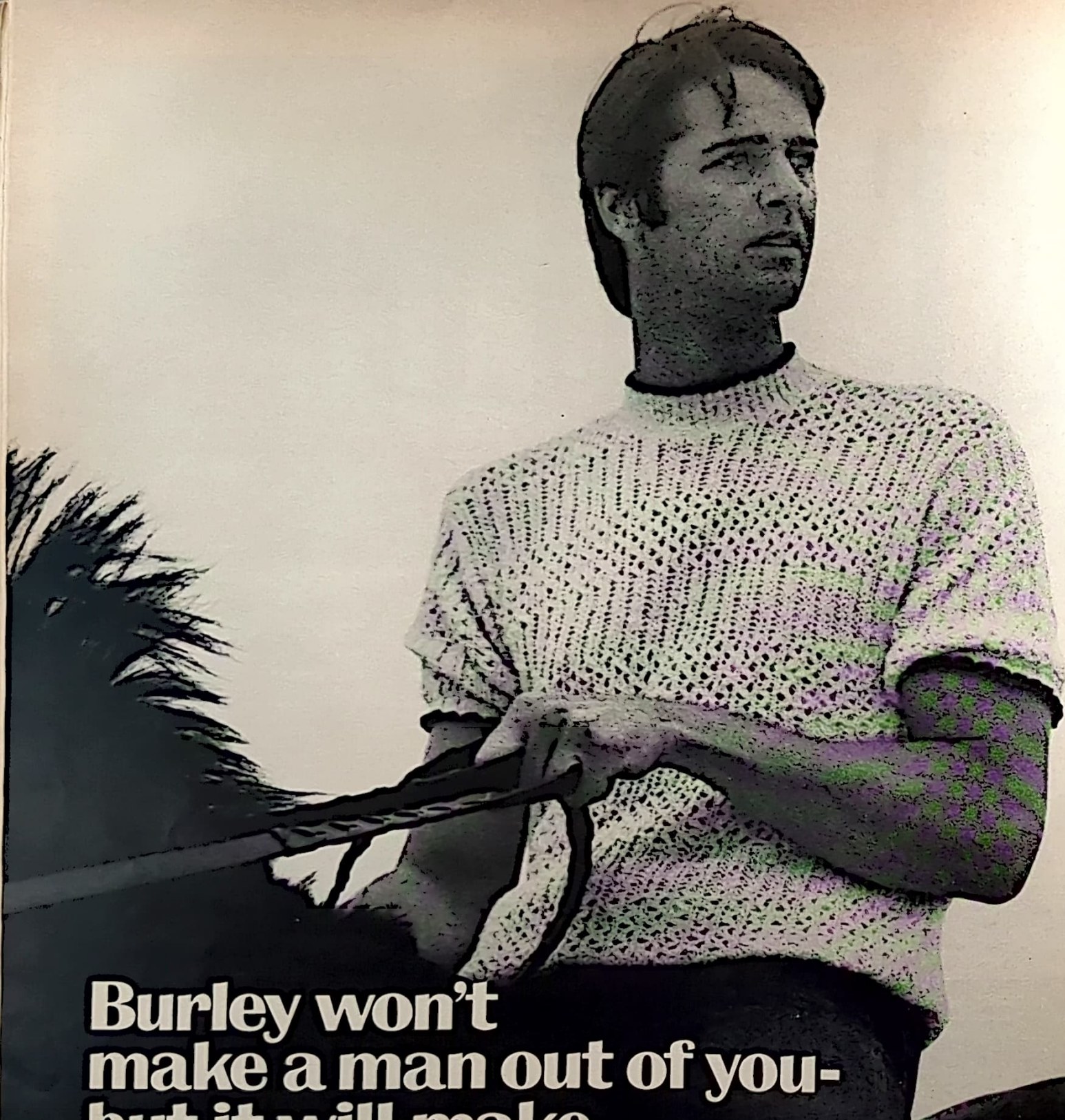
Latest
U.S. Government
figures show
PALL MALL 100's
actually lower in "tar"
than the
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**Burley won't
make a man out of you-
but it will make
the man in you smell better.**



Burley Cologne and After Shave - An exciting scent from the men at Old Spice
Comes in gift sets too.

The ghost of shoplifting past

If the FBI wants to announce that shoplifting has increased by 93% since 1960, who am I to argue? I'll even go along with the retail merchants' claim that "shrinkage" this year will cost them a half-billion dollars. I think American merchants can be trusted to cover any 2% loss with a righteous 3% rise, and if J. Edgar Hoover doesn't find proof of our moral decline in the shoplifting figures, he'll only find it someplace worse.

But the other day a survey of shoplifting in a New York department store came out with a statistic that I greeted with a feeling of indignation that was only relieved by doubt. One out of 10 shoppers, it said, manages to steal something before he leaves the store. As an old shoplifter of some fair standing in my home town of Seattle, I was naturally repelled at the idea of so many people getting a successful hand in. One in 10 might easily feel the urge to steal, might try to steal, might kick himself for not having stolen. But did one in 10 actually have the heart? The hands? The good move out the door? I donned a coat of many pockets and went out to see for myself.

It was perfect shoplifting weather—cold and rainy enough for coats and scarves and umbrellas, yet not bad enough to discourage vast hordes of Christmas shoppers. I stood outside Macy's for a time and had a good long look at the customers and thieves as they came stampeding out doors to the sidewalk. If the 10 percent figure was to be believed, I must have been seeing a thousand thieves a minute, but none came out running and none looked back. These were cool thieves—unless, of course, they were customers.

Inside, the thieves and the store detectives were doing the adagio I remembered, gliding around the aisles and fingering all the merchandise while secretly stealing little glances at each other. I cruised to the center of the store, coat flapping open, hands hidden in its folds.

It was warm in there, and what with the Yuletide decorations and the piped-in Christmas carols, I began to get sentimental about being 13 years old in Seattle, when I could hardly get inside a store before I'd find something I desperately wanted sticking to my fingers like frozen steel, with no choice but to

help it into a pocket and start drifting for the door. Then fear would take me by the nape, squeezing harder with every errant step, and bursting into pure elation the second my foot hit the street. I became a glutton for that terrible sensation. I became a very busy thief.

I was not often caught, but the few times it happened were such searing humiliations that my memory of them has grown protectively dim. Vaguely, I recall being nabbed at the Pay 'n Save, with loot that included a squirt gun and a Japanese catcher's mask. I also remember how it feels to have a detective's hands turn your pockets out.

Still, I persisted in such escapades as stealing everyone a Christmas present, and I could put them under the tree with a real sense of giving. Buying a present, I told myself, meant budgeting your love with money. When you stole one, you were risking everything just to see new earrings on your sister's ears.

I must have been expert at throwing myself on the mercy of the authorities, because only forgiving justice could have kept me out of jail. The word "kleptomaniac" settled deep in my mind, and my family's optimism for me came to consist of hoping that my larceny and my acne were somehow related.

The twin curses finally faded some time after I left high school, but by then I had accumulated so much guilt that I thought of myself as a notorious felon well into my 20s. Then, one night at police headquarters, where I was

working as a reporter, I slipped into the files and hunted up my record—the famous record that was going to haunt me for the rest of my life, the story as long as your arm. To my total stupefaction, only one permanent entry had been filed against my name. "Barry Farrell is suspected of breaking street lights on Queen Anne Avenue," it said. "He is 5' 3", weighs appr. 100 pounds and talks with a squeaky voice."

I was almost twenty years rusty now, and the vastness and complexity of this cornucopic store seemed to be putting me off my form. Back in Seattle, I had not encountered closed-circuit TV cameras, radio-sensitized dots hidden on expensive items to make them bleep for your capture as you carry them through the door, squads and squads and squads of plainclothes store detectives. Most of the nice little items, moreover, were now mounted on cards too big to fit into a pocket. It was a distinctly tougher league, I thought, adding to my doubts about the true number with the nerve to come up against it.

Not caring to contribute to the anxieties of some hapless thief, I decided to test the paranoia count by flushing out the detectives. I had no wish to steal anything, which made it easy to act suspicious enough to draw on some pursuit. And before very long I saw my man's reflection in the cellophane cover of a stationery box I was holding. He was dressed like a construction worker, but there was no mistaking his trade. He had that disengaged look, the look of the secret watcher. I thought I saw him signal a second detective, a pinch-mouthed woman who started to approach me. I floated around the counter. They were after me, all right, I was sure of it.

When I reached the door they seemed to lose all interest—perhaps they were thieves or shoppers, after all. But the rush of anxiety I felt was real enough, and its sharp intensity unnerved me. I had nothing at all to be afraid of, and yet my heart had stopped on remembered guilt, somehow still intact after all these years. I was glad to be empty-handed when I made my move for the street. Somewhere, and not so far from the surface, the squeaky-voiced boy still lives.



A stealthy reach from inside a roomy coat

American Motors resumes the most dramatic year in its history.

In September, we were off to one of the fastest starts in our history.

Everything pointed to a record year.

Hornet, the little rich car, looked to be our most successful new car ever.

Orders were pouring in.

Our dealers were happy.

Our customers were happy.

Needless to say, we were happy.

Then, on October 16, it happened. A strike.

Naturally, with a record demand for our cars, we fell behind on our orders.

But now the strike is settled, and we're doing everything possible to catch up.

So, if you've been waiting on a car, thank you for your patience. It'll be there soon.

If you came to see our cars and there weren't any around, please come back. They're there now.

If you didn't even know we were on strike and just haven't seen our 1970 models, there's never been a better time to take a look.

We still think this is going to be the most dramatic year in our history.



Javelin



AMX




Hornet



Ambassador



Rebel

American Motors 

Give your wife an extra head for Christmas.



SPEARV RAND® THE LADY REMINGTON® TRADEMARK OF SPEARV RAND CORP., © 1964 U.S.

REMINGTON

If you take a good look at the ladies' shaver above you will notice something no other ladies' shaver has.

An extra shaving head.

We put it there because a lady has shaving problems you, as a man, never dreamed of.

First there are her legs. Beautiful, perhaps. But tough. So they need a shaver that's every bit as rugged as a man's.

On the other hand, there are her underarms. Delicate. Sensitive. Obviously in need of a completely different shaver.

Until now no shaver could do both jobs well. Because no single shaving head could be that tough and that gentle at the same time.

Which brings us to our shaver with the extra head.

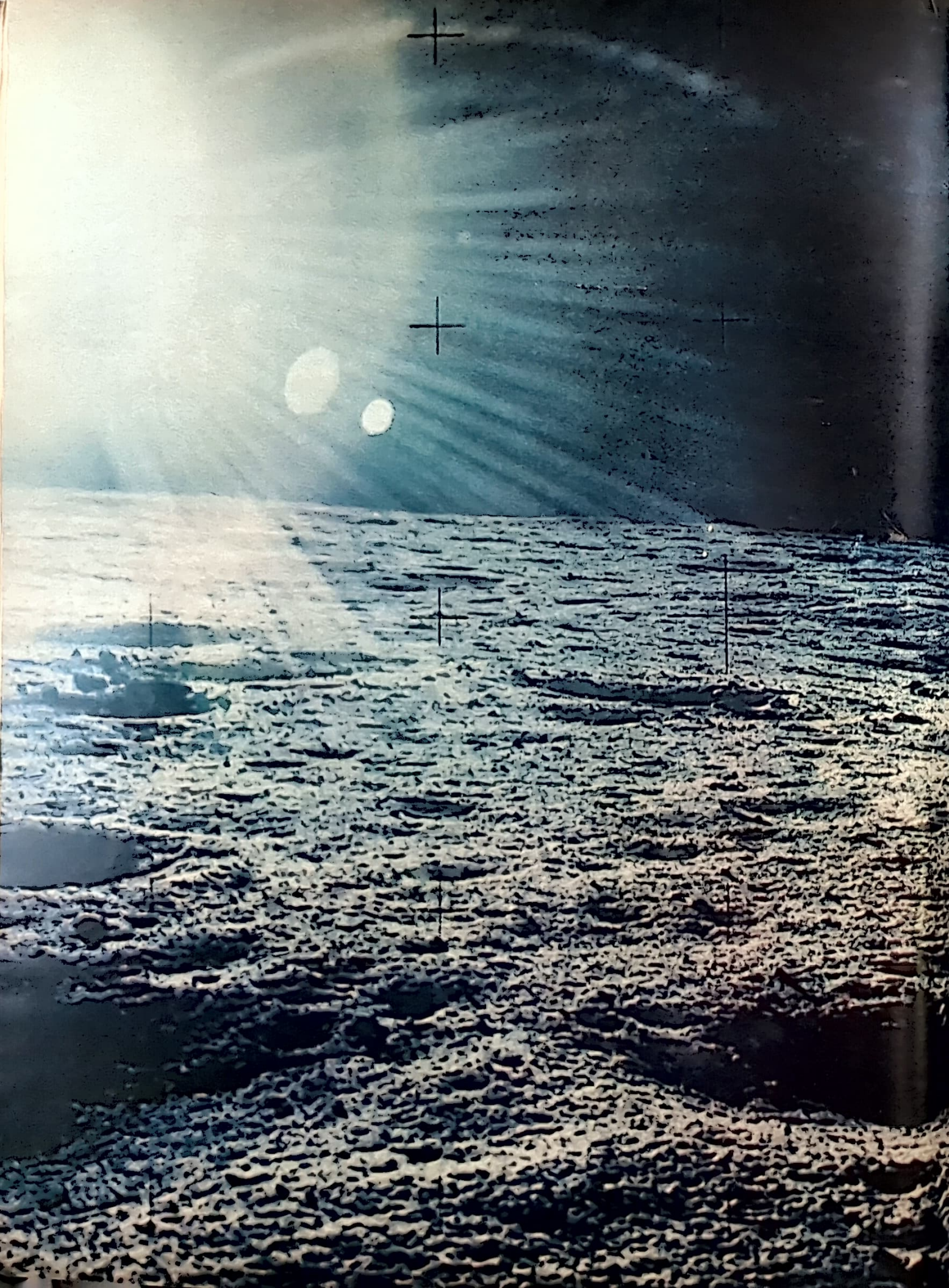
It's called the *Lady Remington* and it's

the world's first two-headed shaver.

It has a tough head for legs. And a gentle one for underarms. All for the price of most one-headed shavers.


The two-headed *Lady Remington*. An idea so simple we're embarrassed we didn't think of it before.

The Lady Remington™



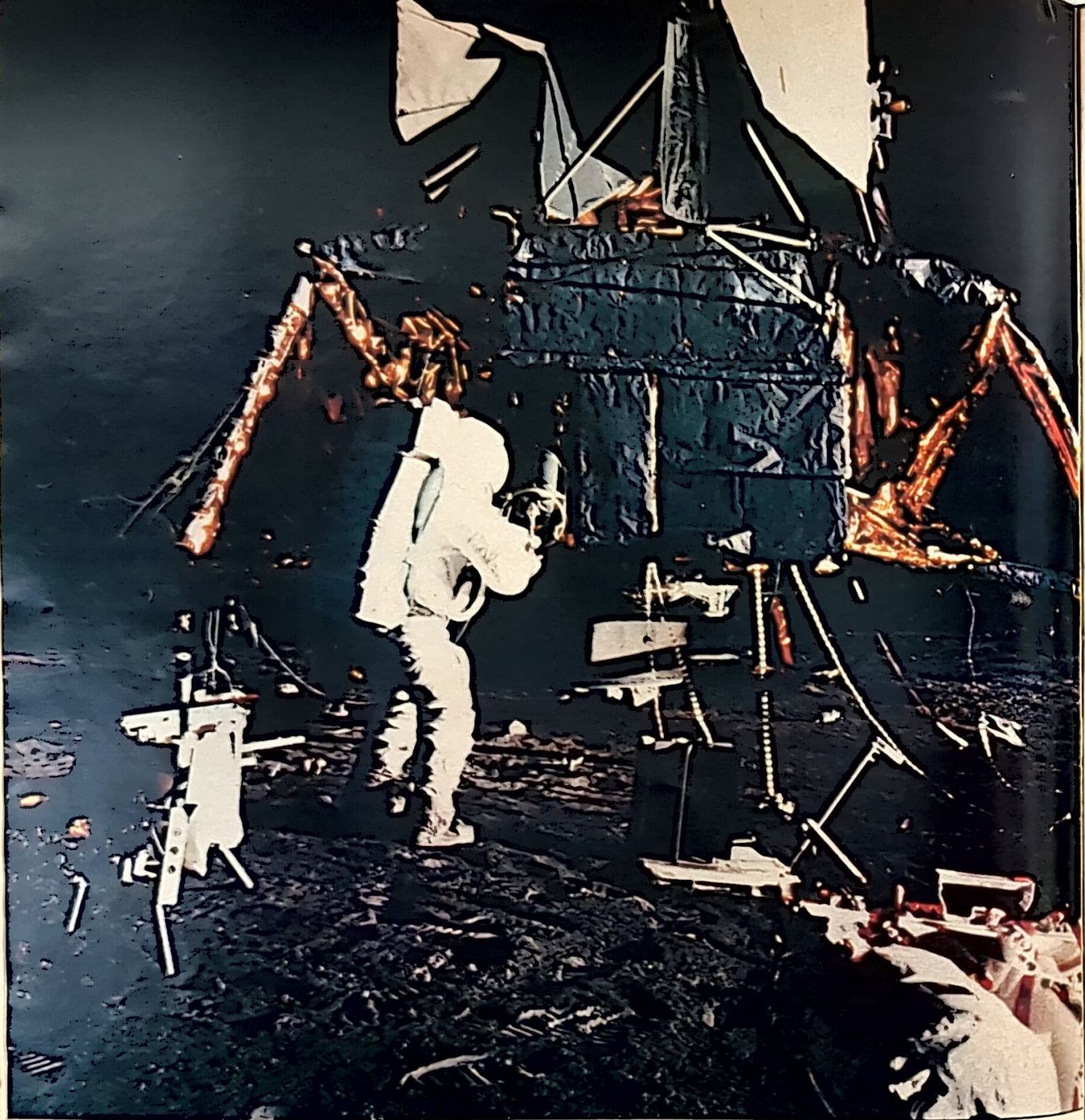
Photographs from Apollo 12

Intrepid on a Sun-drenched Sea of Storms

A large, vertical photograph on the left side of the page shows Astronaut Al Bean walking across the lunar surface. He is wearing a white spacesuit and carrying a large, barbell-shaped equipment package. The ground is covered in dark, granular soil with some small rocks. In the background, another astronaut is visible near a satellite dish antenna. The sky is a deep, dark blue with a faint white crosshair in the upper left corner.

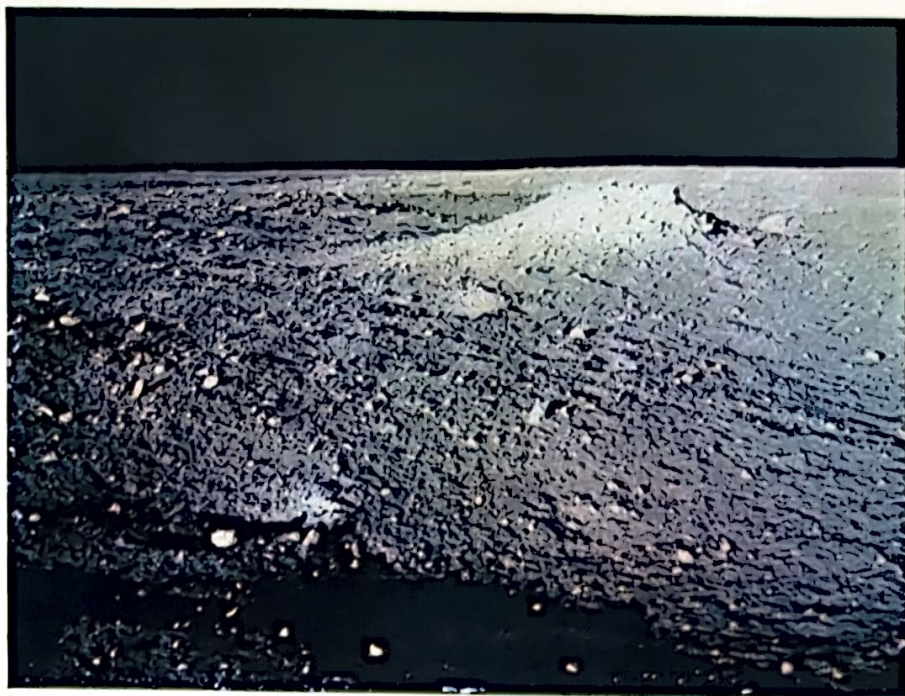
Like a country doctor making rounds, Astronaut Al Bean (*left*) strode across the moon lugging his kit of instruments. Though the barbell-shaped package containing apparatus for four different scientific experiments weighed 190 pounds on earth, the pleasures of lunar gravity lightened the load to 30 pounds. A few yards away, Charles Conrad, who took this extraordinary photograph of his fellow explorer, was exclaiming, laughing, even humming with delight. Here, on the sunny Sea of Storms, the crew of Intrepid had cause for their ebullience. They had eight hours—twice as long as their lunar predecessors, Armstrong and Aldrin—to explore, set up experiments and collect more and bigger rocks.

These photographs enabled the Apollo 12 crew to bring back the vivid lunar landscapes that had been denied the folks at home when live TV coverage failed. As shown here and on the cover, sunlight played luminous tricks with the two men. Some of their pictures show unpredicted and thus far unexplained formations cropping up here and there on the lunar surface. The photographs may also provide scientists with further details on other surprises reported by Conrad and Bean: their landing area had a thicker cover of dust than Tranquillity Base, its soil was lighter in color and there were more stones, including one Conrad called "the grapefruit rock of all time." Apollo 12 was so successful that future flights will schedule longer periods of scientific exploration. NASA hopes this will placate its own scientists, some of whom have quit the program in recent months.



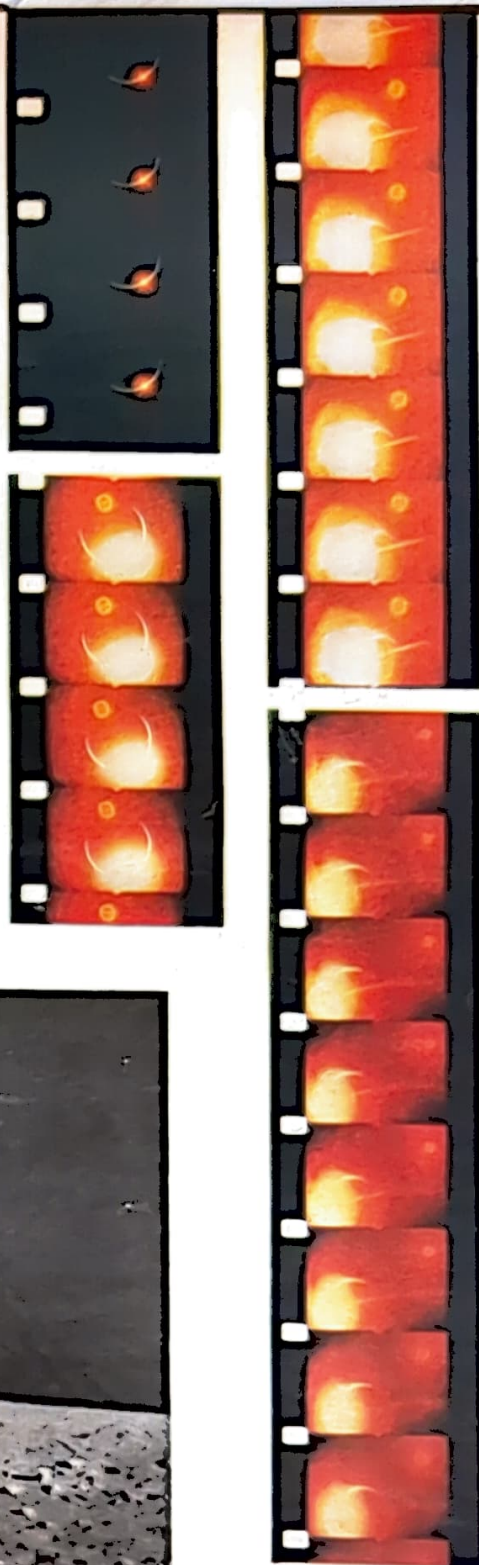
After stepping out on the moon, Al Bean started removing a radioactive fuel element from its cask. The element was then inserted in the moon's first nuclear generator (at Bean's right), which will power scientific instruments for one year.

A nuclear power plant, an old voyager and some unexpected sights



The astronauts saw a number of surprising butte-like mounds such as the one above. The mounds are about four feet tall and do not fit either of the theories which geologists use to explain lunar features—meteorite impact or volcanic activity.

Conrad visited Surveyor 3 (below), a picture-taking robot that soft-landed on the moon in April 1967, and then brought back parts of it. On the horizon, 600 feet away, stand the LM and the dish antenna used for communication with earth.

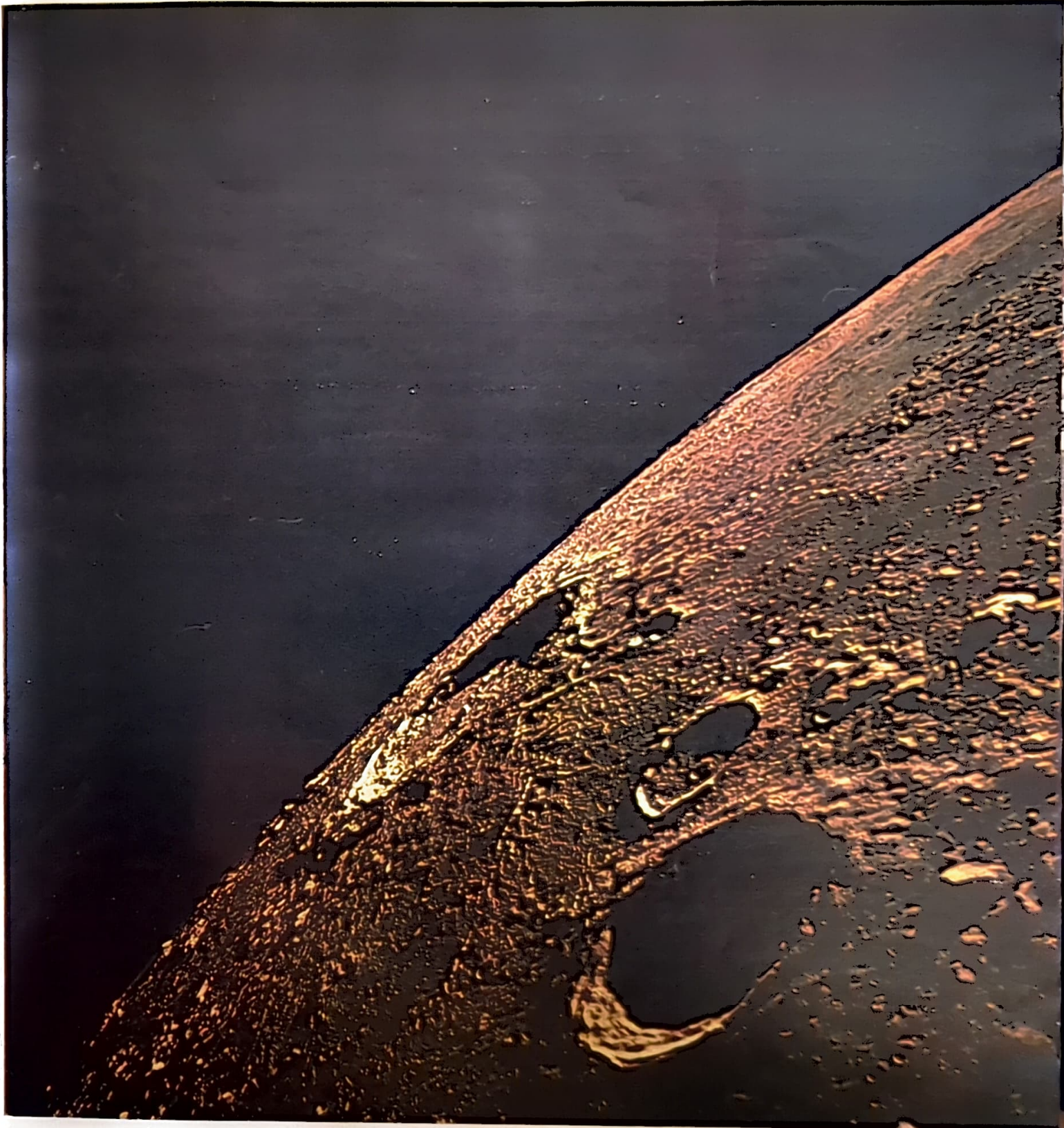


This series of movies—an unexpected bonus from the journey back home—shows a phenomenon that can be seen only in space: the earth eclipsing the sun. The top four frames show a virtually total eclipse with the earth's atmosphere as a partial ring of light. In the other frames, made with varying lens openings, the sun is only partially obscured. Ordinarily we see only eclipses of the moon, when the earth is between sun and moon, and eclipses of the sun, when the moon passes between earth and sun.



Highlighted by sun, the command module prepares to dock with the returning Intrepid in lunar orbit

The lonely glow of two celestial bodies—



A low sun gives an auburn hue to the moon in this view taken from Intrepid. Near horizon is crater Copernicus

one of them left behind

Campus '69: The Quiet

Student photographers and writers illuminate their own scene



Some enterprising University of Wisconsin students are getting away from it all by renting tumbledown farmhouses. Even large houses rent for as little as \$75 a month.

After a football game, Stanford students polka to a 6-piece band. The dorm party, modeled on the Munich *Oktoberfest*, is evidence of a new light-heartedness.

The radicals are suffering from a case of the blahs, the liberals are frustrated and there seems to be no movement in any direction except back toward oneself. No one voice can speak for America's eight million college students, but this comment by a University of Colorado undergraduate comes very close to summing up the mood on campus. A stillness has moved across a scene which as recently as last spring was loud with noisy confrontations.

Yet the stillness is hardly serenity. The hard issues—the draft, Vietnam, drugs—are still deeply felt. Concern is too ingrained for a return to the cool detachment of the 1950s: "My education," complains one Smith girl typically, "is impinging on my learning." And if most students are pulling back to reexamine their commitments and tactics, at a few campuses the fire is

still dangerously close to the surface.

Possibly the change in temper is mostly one of form. The strategy of head-on dissent, however successful, proved to be too painful to sustain. But there will be new strategies. Black separatism has been so widely accepted by students (and administrations) that its attraction as a cause has waned, but there are already new issues—local politics, ecology ("If we don't solve our environmental crisis today," says a Stanford student, "we won't be here to solve anything in 30 years"). For a look at the complex mood of America's campuses today, LIFE asked student writers and photographers at a variety of colleges to interpret the scene for themselves. Their reports are necessarily personal, and arguable, but at the same time they are honest and revealing about their generation.



Year—So Far



At Ole Miss girl-watching is second only to football. The best view is from the Student Union steps.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

Unlike Berkeley or Columbia, the Madison campus is a cloud-cuckoo land comfortably distant from noisy, dirty reality. Here life magically transforms itself into allegory. The geography of the place supplies a delicious irony all its own, for the state mental hospital lies directly across the lake from the Student Union.

The central meeting area is the Rathskeller, a vibrating, fetid, womblike place. Despite the unseen but verified presence of police informers masquerading in bell-bottoms and faint traces of beard, the Rathskeller is the Aquarian utopia. One learns very quickly how to study in it, how to luxuriate under the blanket of noise and body heat without disturbing the contemplative peace. Though the silverware is made of plastic and the coffee cups are Styrofoam, the atmosphere is congenial. Still, even in this ideal society, there are hierarchies of a sort. Black students tend to gather in a little corner next to the cash register, and once a student who refused to pay for an undersized piece of pie was threatened with arrest by the manager, who flashed the badge of a university policeman.

Sometimes things are disturbing in more subtle ways. Moral schizophrenia manifests itself when students call policemen "pigs" but take umbrage when a legislator calls welfare mothers "swine." Guilt seems to be a campus disease, as evidenced by the fact that fraternities and sororities feel a need to justify their activities by involving themselves in conspicuous charities.

Much of the hypertension on campus stems from the university's use of city riot police to break up a sit-in against Dow Chemical two years ago. Since then, the police and the National Guardsmen have appeared at the slightest provocation. Small wonder that there is a

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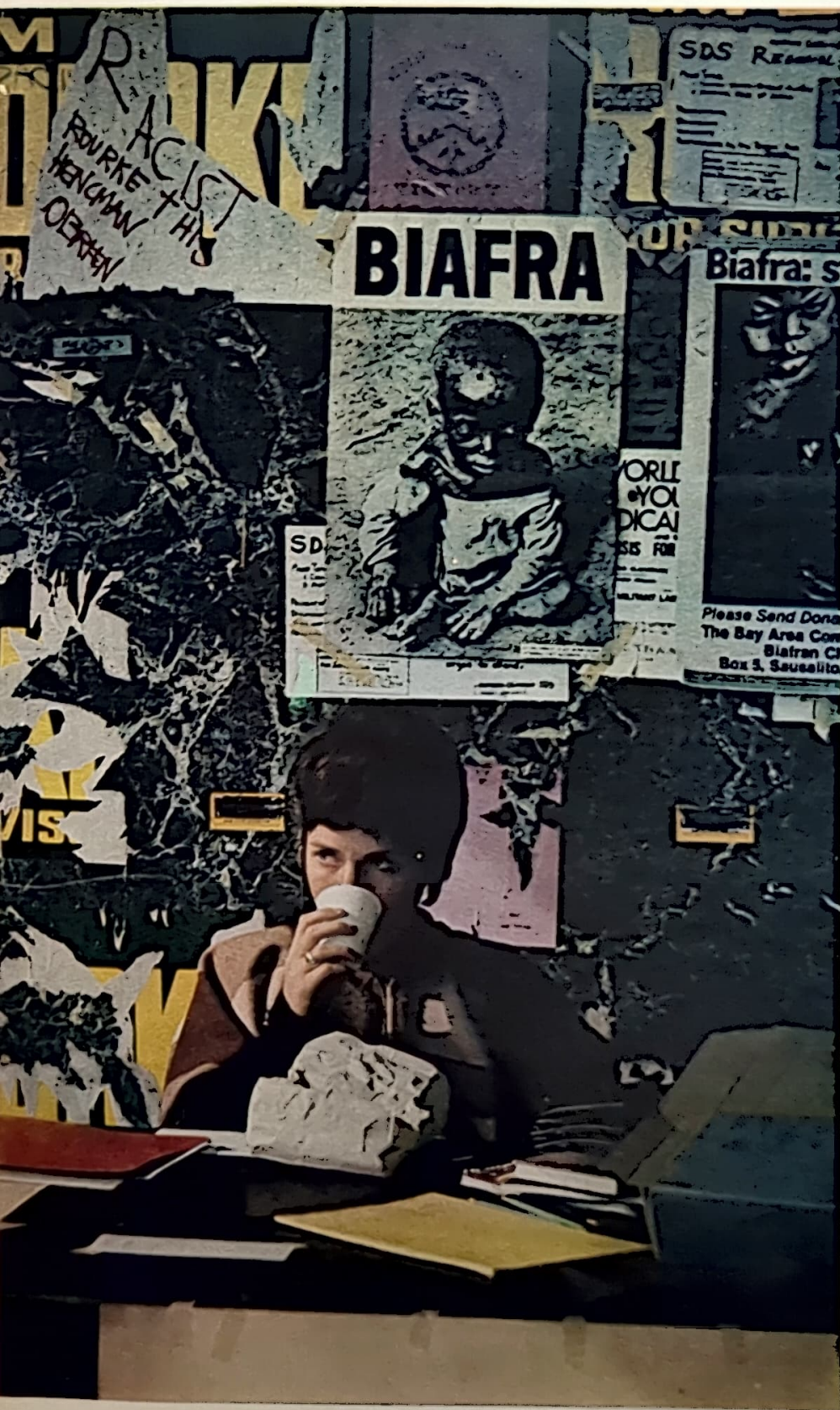
Above, Kathy Schutz, a senior at the University of Wisconsin, paints LOVE on a fence emblazoned with like-minded graffiti. To many college students, love is the answer—at least for now.



Left, Smith freshman Alison Quoyeser puts the emphasis on studying rather than demonstrating. Last year Smith students struck over curriculum changes; this year protest remains in committee.

Right, a student at San Francisco State mans a sign-up table at the Commons, the scene of bloody action last spring. Sign-up tables are far less busy than they used to be; most students have already signed up.

A year for caring about people



CONTINUED

growing exodus by couples and groups to farmhouses in the lovely rural communities around Madison where living is both cheap and peaceful.

JOSEPH MCBRIDE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

Chicago considers itself the last outpost of the life of the mind. The students study a lot, partly because there isn't much else to do. The radicals say the students are apathetic, but they're not; they're just students, in a somewhat otherworldly, alienated way. University of Chicago students tend to be islands in themselves.

One reason the football games this fall—the first since Robert Maynard Hutchins banned the game in 1939—meant a great deal to us is that they were the first glimmer we have seen of a real community. We felt very comfortable together. We have a lot in common and we came to feel, as a crowd, that there are a great number of other people in the country who have a lot in common with us. We share a large degree of outrage—outrage at the hypocrisies of an older generation that outlaws marijuana while drinking and smoking itself to the grave; outrage at politicians who try to enforce order by approving laws that plant the seeds of a police state; outrage at an educational structure that makes people blind and mindless functionaries in a system which they don't understand and which, as a result, is out of control; outrage at the race to build instruments of destruction when we already have enough arms to kill every man, flower and bug on earth a hundred times over; outrage at the fact that we have so befouled our environment that even if we aren't blown up we may all be poisoned or suffocated to death; outrage most of all at the war that goes on and on, killing men for a cause that is now an admitted mistake, spending billions of dollars on the other side of the globe while millions of our people are hungry or cold or so desperate that they have taken to rioting in the streets.

But because of the outrage we also share a conviction that people must love each other not only to be happy, but to survive. This is so obvious to us it is a cliché. But it is not obvious to everyone or we would not be in the fix we are in.

ROGER BLACK

OBERLIN COLLEGE

Oberlin in 1969 is not the busily activist Oberlin of 1968. The campus is quiet, the library is crowded as never before, and student power, at least for the time being, is dead. "Student politics is unreal," says one student. "Maybe we're just tired of hitting our heads against a wall."

If indeed the old battles are no longer im-

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portant, then the mood at Oberlin may be a precursor to a new student mood across the country—"a privatism," as Assistant Professor of Sociology James Walsh calls it, "a realization that you don't change the attitudes of the working class through demonstrations."

But some people have noticed an uneasiness among this year's freshman class. As sophomore Karen Buck puts it, "They came here with a definite image of Oberlin as an activist place. They didn't find it nor did they find the type of leadership they were expecting. It might not be long before they start bringing up all the 'old' issues again."

DAVID ELSNER

SMITH COLLEGE

Music is a kind of emotional shorthand and if you would understand what is going on today on the campuses, you could hardly do better than to pay attention to the music now being played there.

To walk down a hall at Smith College, for example, is to find the plaintive notes of Segovia's guitar suggesting a peaceful gentleness; or the words of *Hair* ringing out an innocent defiance of social convention. "Come on, baby, light my fire" is a challenge—sexual, emotional—that is both very ancient and very immediate.

Laura Nyro cries, "Save the people, save the country," and for some students this meant: Go to Washington on Nov. 15; be there, in peace, to do what you can for your country.

Classical music has not been abandoned. "Bach fulfills a need for order, precision, clarity of tone," said one student. "I impose control on myself by listening to controlled music."

While much of today's music is personal, much also expresses an attitude that is distinctively social in its application. Music, in a way, is holding us together today.

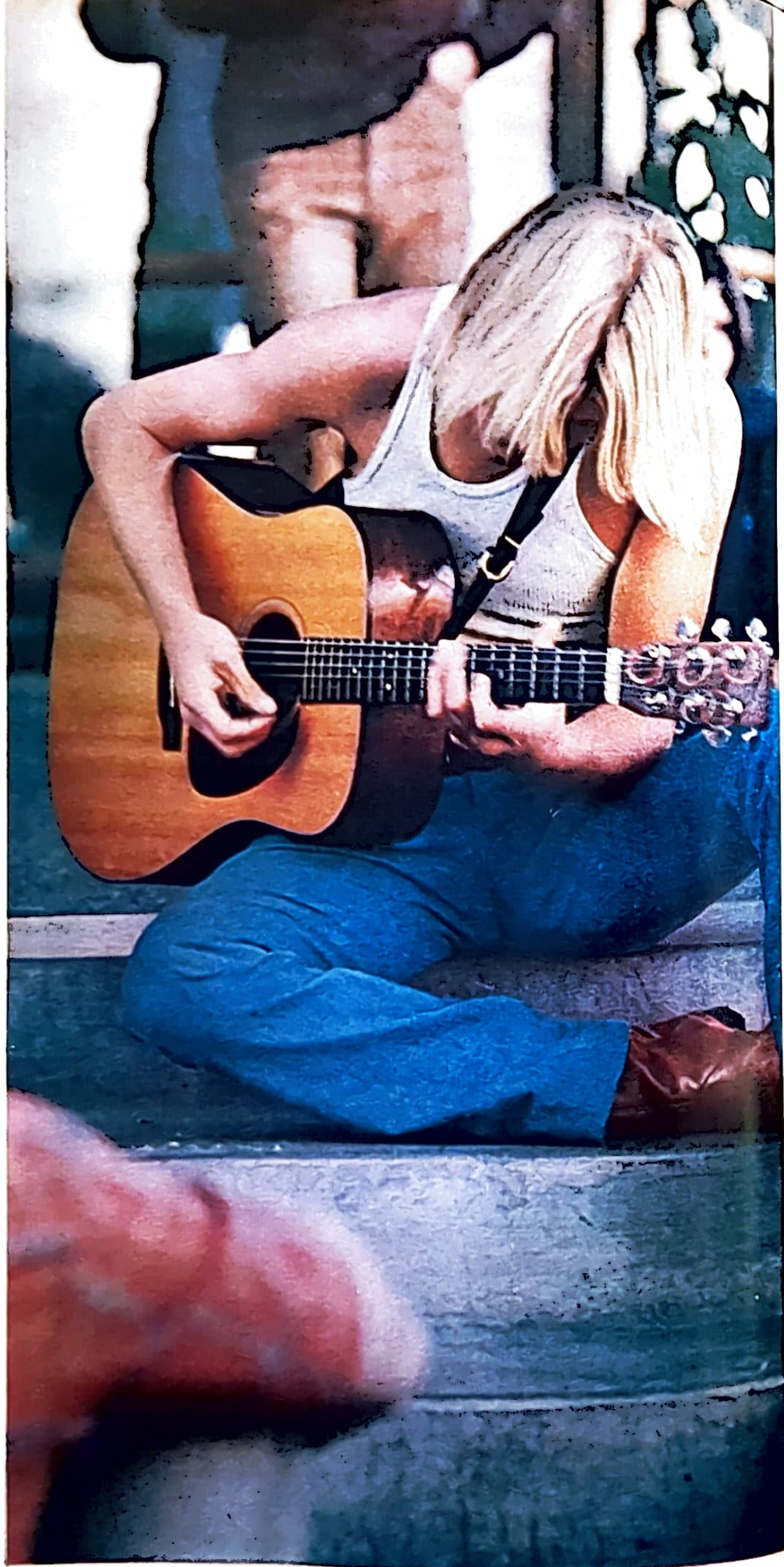
RHODA MICOCCHI

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

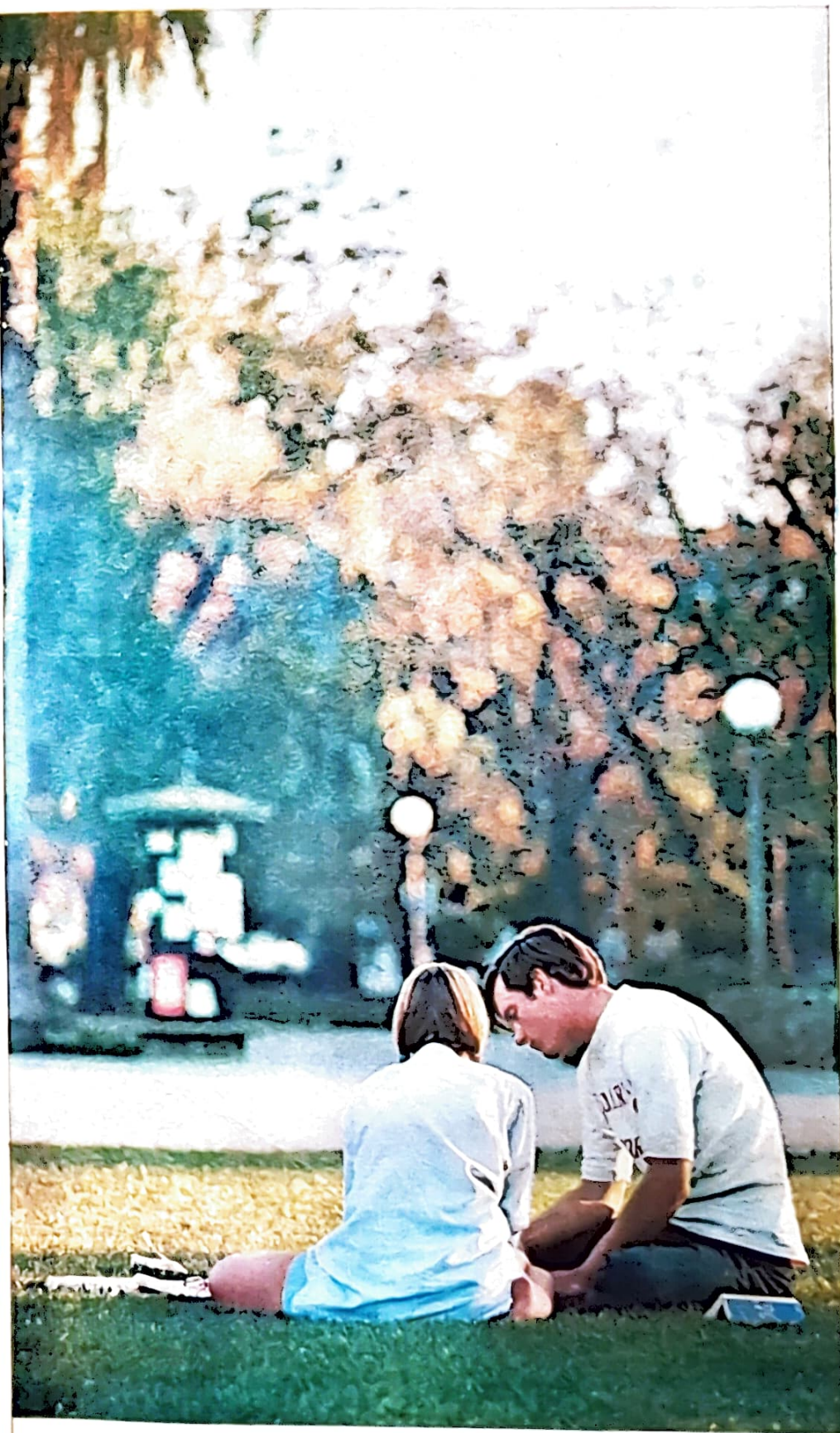
One local columnist claims that "the freaks rule the campus." A spokesman for the Young Americans for Freedom, a right-wing organization, says the silent majority runs the campus. But the only apparent ruler is the Frisbee. On any day, sometimes even rainy ones, both Sproul and Lower Sproul plazas abound with Frisbee aficionados. Frisbees are so ubiquitous, in fact, that they have been banned on campus by police as "dangerous and lethal weapons."

That's the kind of place Berkeley is right now. The campus is calm. But the scars of last year's violence are still apparent and much of the calm, though partially the result of apathy and studies, is also the result of a kind of fear stemming from last year. Students are afraid of another cycle of gassing by helicopter, afraid

CONTINUED



In music, a gentler kind of protest



Music is as pervasive on campuses as hair or bell-bottoms. Above, Donna Cuillerier, a Goddard freshman, plays a hand-carved flute. From everywhere at Goddard come the sounds of dulcimers, harpsichords, drums, harmonicas, or just people singing. Far left, a guitarist at Berkeley plays mainly for his own pleasure on Sproul Plaza.



Affection, personal and communal, is a key part of the current college life-style. Above, an engaged couple at the University of Chicago shares a flowery moment together. Left, near the center of the Stanford campus a couple sits and talks. "In good weather," says the student who photographed them, "beatific things happen around here."

Lessons in the sounds of silence

CONTINUED

of clubbing, afraid of arrests and another 22 days of National Guard occupation.

Some students are becoming involved with the community surrounding the campus. They have formed several tenant unions to combat rising rents, poor living conditions and inadequate apartment management. A rent strike is in the offing. As one optimistic student, surveying the oddly quiet campus, remarked, "The revolution is coming to an end and it's the time to rebuild."

A black man and a white girl walk arm in arm through Sproul Plaza, but no one looks up. People are too involved listening to bluegrass bands and folk singers on the steps of the buildings that surround the fountain. Frisbee, anyone?

KATHY WHITE

UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

The average student here is still the well-scrubbed adolescent he is expected to be, and the University of Texas still offers as dominant images football, beer and Saturday night fraternity dances. Few innovative radical leaders are to be found here because they have long since migrated to centers of social change like New York and California. For this reason, student-initiated conflict on a really large scale is not likely to come to U.T.

One flare-up occurred recently when architecture students found that plans to enlarge the stadium included the unnecessary removal of many fine old trees and that the campus's only waterway was to become a concrete drainage ditch. Faculty and students immediately came up with alternative plans and went through proper channels with them. Too late, they were told; the contract had already been signed. They went to court to seek an injunction, but at 8 o'clock on Oct. 22 the bulldozers arrived to remove the trees. The court was to convene at 10 o'clock, so opponents of the

project tried to stop the bulldozers. Twenty-seven of them were arrested. The injunction arrived an hour after the trees had been cut down.

As on many other large campuses, the mood here is anxious. But barring any major administrative blunders, the biggest concern of the students is likely to remain whether or not the Longhorns can hold their number one national ranking in football.

D. KIRK HAMILTON

UNIVERSITY OF MISSISSIPPI

Football, good looks and social life—those are the things Ole Miss students say are most important. And in exactly that order. "The whole school revolves around football," observes one senior without exaggeration. The second prime concern, good looks, means early rising for most coeds. "I hate hearing my alarm sound at 6:15," sighs one. "But it takes that long to get ready for my 8 o'clock class." The third thing on everyone's mind, social life, is reflected in the strong system of sororities and fraternities. "If you're not in one," someone said the other day, "you miss half of what's going on on campus."

But these are not the only things Ole Miss thinks about. There are also, from time to time, political concerns. Only last year a large demonstration erupted after the defeat of a referendum to legalize beer.

PATSY BRUMFIELD

SAN FRANCISCO STATE

We've been learning a lot more lately. Before the violence last winter, we had not been familiar with tactics frequently used by those who want to prevent change in the social order. We have learned that powerful arguments need not be expressed in words, that arguments can take whatever form is necessary for repression. The form of the argument at State was hundreds of police impatiently twisting their clubs in gloved hands, stomping their feet, waiting to be released on miniskirted girls and defenseless young men who were supporting the minority students' demands for a School of Ethnic Studies.

So we became students of reality. After two years of student effort, politicians and administrators demanded that changes in the curriculum be effected only through due process. Yet at the same time Samuel Hayakawa assumed the presidency by violating an agreement that all other members of the presidential selection committee had made—that none of them was to be considered eligible for the presidency. We found it impossible to accept the propriety of a man violating due process

while at the same time demanding that others adhere to it.

Although the strike has passed, we do not consider the events surrounding it to be just history. Between classes we sit on the lawn in the sun and on the benches in front of the campus, knowing that insights, like life, will continue to grow. And not least among those insights is the fact that the fear of change far exceeds the fear felt by those who want change. We learned who was afraid of whom.

DAVID NOARD

UNIVERSITY OF IOWA

In Iowa, where reticence is regarded as a leading industry, the kids are matching their elders' silence for silence this fall. But if anyone takes this for a sign that their disaffection is waning, he had better have another look.

At the University of Iowa, silence is a relatively recent discovery. Only last fall, the campus was wheezing with all kinds of counter-cultural noises. Manifestos and broadsides plastered over every bulletin board. Guerrilla theater on the street corners. Talk of a boycott. This year things are quiet. Moratorium observances here were an unqualified bust. In October they were miserably attended, and in November they were scrapped entirely in deference to a last-minute cold snap.

Regardless of the decibel level, however, no one here is in the mood for surrender. The action has simply moved underground for a while. Or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it has been driven underground. The state legislature was the first to get into the act. The preliminaries were innocent enough—some pointed budget-slashing, a blatant threat to deprive eligible students of the vote—but the main event was a blockbuster: a full-scale investigation of university personnel to see if they were sufficiently possessed of something called "social adaptability"—an elusive quality which, needless to say, the legislature was hard-pressed to define.

The men of the FBI, on the track of students who had been in Chicago during the convention disturbances, were on hand to provide a few chuckles as well. Already this fall they have visited at least two local campuses and the governor has reluctantly admitted that agents of the State Investigative Bureau have stalked the university for drug traffic upon occasion, disguised as newspaper reporters.

So you'll pardon the kids if they seem to be treading a bit lightly this year. Activists have effectively abandoned the telephone as a medium of communication. They are convinced that their wastebaskets are being rifled. They talk to strangers only when necessary. Silence is the order of the day—if not as a conscious tactic, at least as a refuge. But it is conspicuous even in Iowa, and not likely to last much longer.

ALAN LEW



After participating in a Moratorium rally, a girl at the University of Chicago goes off to be by herself.



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chicken in a chicken-rich broth. Why don't you Campbell Up your favorite sandwich for lunch today? M'm! M'm! Good!



Rethinking the Pentagon's role

An unpopular war and a series of ugly events and disturbing policies are giving the U.S. military a bad name. Critics tie them all up: from the barbarities of My Lai and the case of the Green Berets to the large sums secretly spent to secure the military support of our Thai and Filipino allies; or the \$4.3 billion sunk into that spectacular aerodynamic mishmash, the F-111; not to forget the inadvertent nerve-gassing of 6,000 sheep. The notion spreads that Doctor Strangelove is alive and well at the Pentagon, and surrounded by eager acolytes.

Despite the noisy and emotional Dismantle-the-Pentagon school of criticism, a strong military establishment remains essential to national security, and indeed to the eventual achievement of high-minded social goals. Even after the war in Vietnam comes to an end, a sizable, effective and expensive military force will be necessary. It is proper to ask how big it should be, and what its role should be. The valid criticism is not that U.S. military strength is unnecessary or immoral, but that too frequently it has been haphazardly conceived, wastefully acquired and inadequately controlled.

For too long the Pentagon's impulse was to build anything it could dream of, on the grounds that the other side would do the same thing. In what it buys, and how much it pays, it tolerates unconscionably wasteful practices, its own and its suppliers'. It has on occasion misled Congress, the public and itself, overestimating what the Soviet bloc has and underestimating the amount it would cost to match them. Tightened departmental procedures, while important, are a lesser need than a strict supervisory job by Congress.

This year, Congress finally displayed unmistakable signs of interest in the job, mounting—with not much initial success—a well-publicized offensive against the \$75.3 billion Defense Department budget. One lesson of the debate so far is that Congress cannot effectively supervise Pentagon spending until the Hill's armed services committees are given far greater staff resources and full access to Defense Department data. Another obstacle to congressional scrutiny is the attitude characterized by South Carolina's Mendel Rivers, chairman of the House Armed Services Committee. For years the redoubtable Rivers has kept the Pentagon's congressional tap open with a combination of authoritarian powers over Defense floor debates and subcommittee investigations, primitivistic flag-waving ("America is too young to die"), and flagrant pork-barreling among congressmen who have or want defense work in their districts.

Even more fundamental to the staggering defense outlay of one trillion dollars since 1945 is the traditional U.S. doctrine of "erring on the side of strength." It took a military man, Dwight Eisenhower, to caution: "Because security is based upon moral and economic, as well as purely military strength, a point can be reached at which additional funds for arms, far from bolstering security, weaken it."

In a recent issue, *FORTUNE* projected that after Vietnam \$17.6 billion, or 22%, of the U.S. defense budget could be trimmed without any weakening of our national security. Among the ways we have wasted billions are unneeded purchases to fill nonexistent manned bomber and nuclear missile "gaps"; spectacular cost overruns like the \$1.5 billion for

the C-5A transport plane; maintenance of obsolete defense bases overseas; military assistance and "training" agreements to protect unsavory regimes, often against drummed-up dangers.

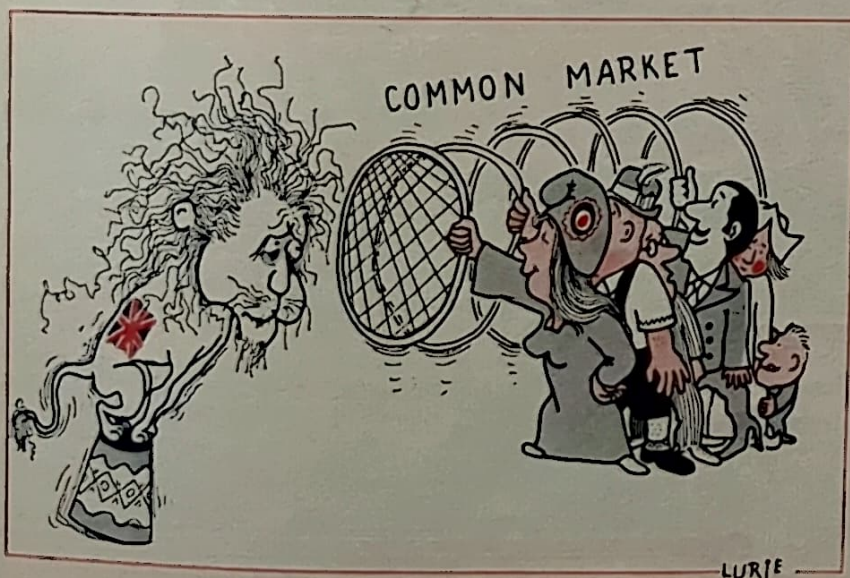
Still, it would be foolish to argue that eliminating a few dubious programs, or introducing better cost-accounting methods (which Robert McNamara worked at), would dramatically lower the Pentagon's bill or define the military's proper place. Nothing less than a redefinition of strategic policy is required. False and obsolescent defense assumptions need to be challenged and retired, and well-reasoned parameters set for the uses—and limits—of U.S. military strength in the 1970s. Among the questions to be looked into are these:

► The slogan "No More Vietnams" has been on practically everyone's lips, but what exactly does that mean? President Nixon has made clear that the U.S. seeks to avoid new military involvements in Asia and Latin America. But more needs to be known about the old ones, many of them existing under secret agreements, before we can even debate the justice of former Assistant Defense Secretary Paul Warnke's charge that U.S. national security is too closely identified with "the viability of every international basket case with anti-Communist credentials."

► President Nixon has supported the Soviet-U.S. arms limitation talks in Helsinki, and made the gesture of renouncing most weapons of chemical and biological warfare. How extensive an agreement do we expect (and want) from our Russian partners-in-competitive-spending? Besides CBW, are there any other "unthinkable" weapons, nuclear or non-nuclear, that we would take the risk of no longer thinking about?

► Our European allies are no longer weak but strong economically, and the manned strategic bomber has largely given way to the intercontinental ballistic missile. Do we still need a NATO force in Europe of 300,000 U.S. troops costing \$12 billion annually?

Only when such questions are faced will the U.S. be able to conceive of a defense establishment equal to its tasks, but not overwhelming in its demands. Such an establishment requires, in addition to money and weaponry, the service of men of character, ability and dedication. Their pride depends in turn on the country's pride in them. The massacre at My Lai has quite properly raised questions that merit national self-examination, but it would be tragic for our national life if the reproaches were so sweeping and indiscriminatory as to tarnish a necessary calling and honorable careers.



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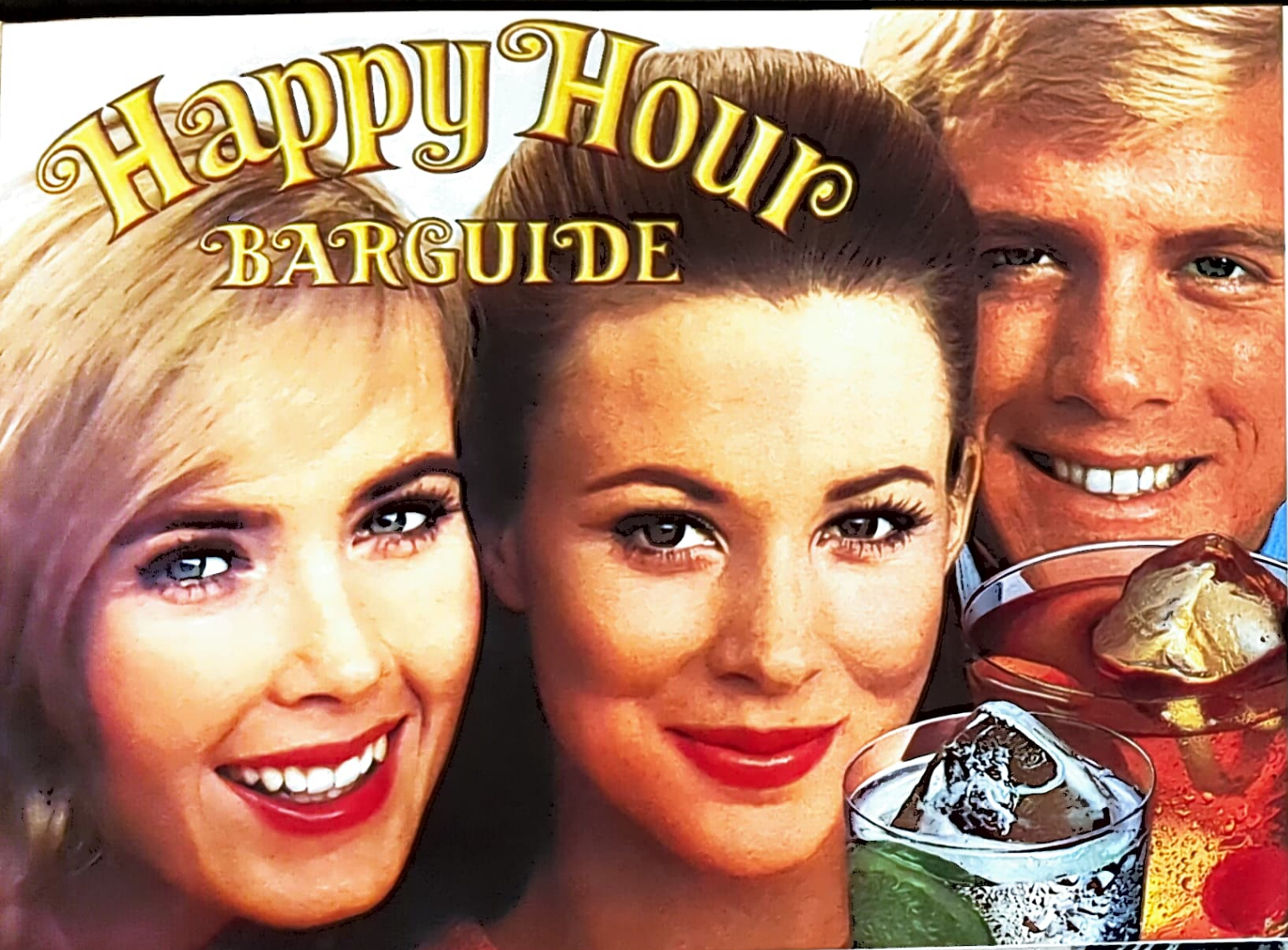
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...when happiness is
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The Happy Hour — most popular way to entertain today! You can host a house full of guests with minimum time, work and money . . . and still be free to enjoy the party. This guide's full of ideas. Most important, it shows you how to mix superb drinks. It covers favorites made with all the basic liquors: Bourbon, Scotch, gin, rum, vodka, Southern Comfort . . . plus mixing tips.

how to improve drinks . . . secret of the "pros": You can improve many mixed drinks simply by "switching" the basic liquor called for in the recipe — to one with a more

What is Southern Comfort?

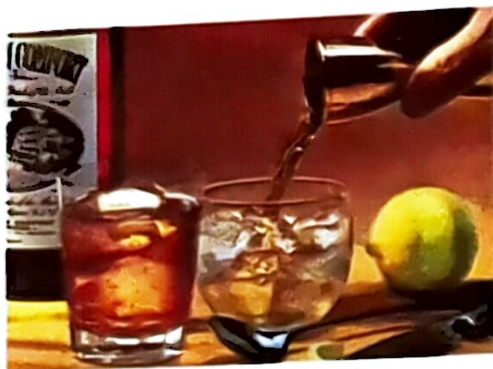
Although it's used like an ordinary whiskey, Southern Comfort tastes much different than any other basic liquor. It actually tastes *good*, right out of the bottle! And there's a reason. In the days of old New Orleans, one talented gentleman was disturbed by the taste of even the finest whiskeys of his day. So he combined rare and delicious ingredients to

satisfying taste. A perfect example is the use of Southern Comfort instead of an ordinary liquor as a smoother, tastier base for Manhattans, Sours, Old-Fashioneds, Collinses, etc. The big difference, of course, is in the unique taste of Southern Comfort itself. It adds a *deliciousness* no other basic liquor *can*. Mix one of these drinks the usual way; then mix the same drink with Southern Comfort. (Both recipes are in this guide.) Compare them. The improvement is remarkable! But, to understand *why* this is true . . . make the simple taste test on the following page.



create this unusually smooth, *special* kind of basic liquor. That's how Southern Comfort was born. Its formula is still a family secret . . . its delicious taste still unmatched by any other liquor! First, try it on-the-rocks . . . then you'll understand *why* it improves most mixed drinks, too!





Learn how to improve most drinks —

Make this simple test: The flavor of any mixed drink is *controlled* by the taste of the liquor you use as a *base*. To realize the importance of this, pour a jigger of Bourbon or Scotch over cracked ice in a short glass. Sip it. Now do the same with Southern Comfort. Sip it . . . and you've found a completely *different* basic liquor . . . one that *tastes good with nothing added!* That's why switching to Southern Comfort as a base makes most drinks taste much better.



ORDINARY MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Bourbon or rye
½ oz. sweet vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Stir with cracked ice; strain into glass.

Add a cherry. Now learn the experts' secret . . . use the recipe at right. You'll see how a simple switch in basic liquor improves this famous drink tremendously!



when happiness is a day's work done
and it's time for an hour of fun

It's your favorite bar, the genius of its barman . . . the hum of the friendly crowd unwinding at the magic hour, when nothing pleases a Happy Hour fan . . . like a Comfort® Manhattan can!

IMPROVED MANHATTAN

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
½ oz. dry vermouth
Dash of Angostura bitters (optional)

Mix it like the ordinary recipe. Then sip it. The improvement is remarkable. The delicious flavor of Southern Comfort makes it taste much better.

Comfort® Manhattan, as mixed at the Mayflower Hotel's Town and Country Room, Washington, D.C.





DRY MARTINI

4 parts gin or vodka • 1 part dry vermouth

Stir with cracked ice; strain into chilled cocktail glass. Add green olive or twist of lemon peel.

For a Gibson, use 5 parts gin to 1 part vermouth; add pearl onion.



COLD TODDY

$\frac{1}{4}$ tspn. sugar • 1 oz. water

2 oz. Scotch or Bourbon

Stir sugar with water in short glass. Add ice cubes, liquor, twist of lemon peel.

Now switch to Southern Comfort, for a toddy with full body.



GIMLET

4 parts gin or vodka

1 part Rose's sweetened lime juice

Shake with cracked ice; strain into cocktail glass. (A distant cousin to the Martini.)



ROB ROY

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Scotch

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger (¾ oz.) sweet vermouth

Dash Angostura bitters

Stir with cracked ice. Strain into cocktail glass; add twist of lemon peel. (Often called a "Scotch Manhattan.")

COMFORT* 'N BOURBON

As mixed at the Ambassador Hotel's Coconut Grove in Los Angeles

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger (¾ oz.) Southern Comfort

$\frac{1}{2}$ jigger Bourbon • $\frac{1}{2}$ jigger water

Pour liquors over cracked ice in short glass; add water. Stir. Add twist of lemon peel.



*Southern Comfort®

be sure to have some on hand for your next Martini.



when happiness is
a happening at your house...

Have a Happy Hour party; it's the in-thing to do — mix a room-full of friends, some old, some new. Your party will swing; this guide shows you how to make famous drinks taste far better now.

COMFORT® ON-THE-ROCKS

*as the Red Lion in Vail,
Colorado, serves it*

1 jigger (1½ oz.)
Southern Comfort

*Pour over cracked ice in a short
glass; add a twist of lemon peel.
Southern Comfort is one of the
most popular on-the-rocks drinks,
because it's smoother and more
delicious than ordinary liquors.*

Hint...ice is important!

To improve on-the-rocks drinks, mixes, highballs,
buy packaged ice. Professionally made ice is
free of air bubbles, chemicals, impurities.
That's why it's tasteless, crystal clear, slower
melting, makes drinks taste — and look — better.





MARGARITA

1 jigger (1½ oz.) white Cuervo tequila
½ oz. Triple Sec
1 oz. fresh lime or lemon juice

Moisten cocktail glass rim with fruit rind; spin rim in salt. Shake ingredients with cracked ice; strain into glass. Sip over salted rim.



GIN RICKEY

Juice, rind ¼ lime • sparkling water
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in 8-oz. glass. Add rind and gin. Fill with sparkling water and stir.

To really "rev up" a rickey, use S.C. instead of gin.



TOM COLLINS

1 tspn. sugar • ½ jigger fresh lemon juice
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin • sparkling water

Use tall glass; dissolve sugar in juice; add ice cubes and gin. Fill with sparkling water. Stir.

John Collins: Use Bourbon or rye instead of gin.

Smoother Collins as it's served at Hotel Fontainebleau, Miami Beach

COMFORT® COLLINS

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ lime • 7-UP

Mix Southern Comfort and lime juice in tall glass. Add ice cubes; fill with 7-UP. This is the best tasting — and easiest to mix — Collins of all!

*Southern Comfort®

GIN 'N TONIC

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) gin
Schweppes Quinine Water (tonic)

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in a tall glass. Add rind, gin; fill with tonic; stir.

Switch to a smoother, better-tasting drink! Skip the gin ... and enjoy Southern Comfort's talent for tonic.



COMFORT®, BABY!

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
2 jiggers cold milk • 1 tspn. sugar

Dissolve sugar in milk in 8-oz. glass. Pour in Southern Comfort; add ice cubes and stir. (Optional: Dust lightly with nutmeg.)



RUM 'N COLA

Juice and rind ¼ lime
1 jigger (1½ oz.) light rum • cola

Squeeze lime over ice cubes in tall glass. Add rind and pour in rum. Fill with cola and stir.

Instead of rum, see what a comfort S.C. is to cola.

LEMON COOLER

As served at the El Mirador Hilton in Palm Springs

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Schweppes Bitter Lemon

Pour Southern Comfort over ice cubes in a tall glass. Fill with Bitter Lemon; stir. Serve friends a Happy Hour favorite of famous Hollywood stars!





when happiness is a cocktail party with a theme
here are some drinks to fit
your scheme

Be creative, base your party on a theme . . . add a few simple props . . . serve drinks that fit the occasion. Example: Have a Luau Happy Hour. Greet guests with leis; serve Honolulu Coolers, island-type food; play Hawaiian music. Here are two pages of drinks with party theme ideas. Just keep it simple; you'll have a ball.

Ole! Have a Fiesta Happy Hour! Serve the

COMFORT® DAIQUIRI

*smoother Daiquiri as mixed at
the Summit House, Albuquerque*

Juice of ½ lime or ¼ lemon • ½ tspn. sugar
1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

*Shake thoroughly with cracked ice until the shaker
frosts. Strain into a chilled cocktail glass. Southern
Comfort and citrus juice blend so perfectly, this
is the most delicious Daiquiri you've ever mixed.*

Ordinary Daiquiri: Use 1 tspn. sugar and substitute rum for Southern Comfort.



A Mardi Gras Happy Hour is a ball! Serve the

SCARLETT O'HARA

as mixed at Antoine's, New Orleans

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
Juice of ¼ fresh lime
1 jigger Ocean Spray cranberry juice cocktail

*Shake with cracked ice; strain into glass. This
drink's as intriguing as the French Quarter!*



**Southern Comfort®*



Have a "Roaring Twenties" Happy Hour! Serve the delicious

COMFORT® OLD-FASHIONED

as mixed at the Gaslight Club, Chicago, Washington, Beverly Hills

Dash Angostura bitters
 ½ tspn. sugar (optional)
 ½ oz. sparkling water
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort

Stir bitters, sugar, water in glass; add ice cubes, Southern Comfort. Add twist of lemon peel, orange slice, and cherry. It's superb!

Regular Old-Fashioned: 1 tspn. sugar, Bourbon or rye instead of S.C.

Have a Luau Happy Hour! Serve the exotic
HONOLULU COOLER
 As mixed at Sheraton's Royal Hawaiian Hotel

1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort
 Juice of ½ lime • Hawaiian pineapple juice
 Pack a tall glass with crushed ice. Add lime juice and S.C. Fill with pineapple juice; stir.



Yo, ho, ho! Have a Treasure Hunt Happy Hour!
RUM SWIZZLE

Juice ½ lime • 1 tspn. sugar
 2½ oz. light rum • 2 dashes bitters
 Mix in glass pitcher with lots of crushed ice.
 Stir vigorously until the mixture foams.
 Serve in double Old-Fashioned glass.
 Super swizzle: Use Southern Comfort and ½ tspn. sugar.



Have a Derby Day Happy Hour! Serve the
MINT JULEP

4 sprigs fresh mint • 1 tspn. sugar
 Dash of water • 2 oz. Bourbon
 Put water in tall glass; crush mint and sugar in water. Pack cracked ice to top of glass. Add whiskey, and stir until the glass frosts.
 Make your Happy Hour happier, Derby Day or any day.
 Mix your next julep with Southern Comfort, no sugar.



Have an after-ski Happy Hour... great time for
HOT-BUTTERED COMFORT®

Small stick cinnamon • slice lemon peel
 1 jigger (1½ oz.) Southern Comfort • pat butter
 Put cinnamon, lemon peel, S.C. in mug; fill with boiling water. Float butter; stir. (Leave spoon in glass when pouring hot water.)



be sure to have some on hand for your next Happy Hour!



Special Offer!

Save on this NEW line of Southern Comfort Steamboat Glasses

New straight-side shape with broad gold lip, just like the latest expensive glasses. Handsome blue and gold decor.

A. HIGHBALL GLASS
Generous size for highballs, other tall favorites.
Set of 8 glasses (12-oz. size) **\$3⁹⁵**

B. DOUBLE OLD-FASHIONED
All-purpose! Highballs, on-the-rocks, coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (14-oz. size) **\$3⁹⁵**

C. ON-THE-ROCKS GLASS
For on-the-rocks, mists, "short" highballs.
Set of 8 glasses (8-oz. size) PLUS
... matching 2-oz. Master Measure
glass (9 glasses) **\$3⁹⁵**

D. ON-THE-ROCKS STEM GLASS
Popular shape for on-the-rocks, "short" drinks.
Set of 8 glasses (7½ oz. size) **\$3⁹⁵**

E. MASTER MEASURE GLASS
Versatile glass enables you to pour all the correct
measures. Marked for ½ oz.; ¾ oz. (½ jigger);
1 oz.; 1½ oz. (jigger); 2 oz. **50¢**
sold alone

F. "STEAMBOAT" NAPKINS
Color-mated to glasses, say "Smooth Sailing."
Five packages of 40 each **\$1⁰⁰**

G. TALL COOLER GLASS
New tall, slender shape for Collinses, coolers.
Set of 8 glasses (12½-oz. size) **\$3⁹⁵**

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defense outlay of one trillion dollars
... U.S. doctrine

to avoid new military involvements in
Asia and Latin America. But more needs
to be known about the old ones, many of
... secret agreements,



When you put
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in your
Toyota Corona
nothing unusual happens.



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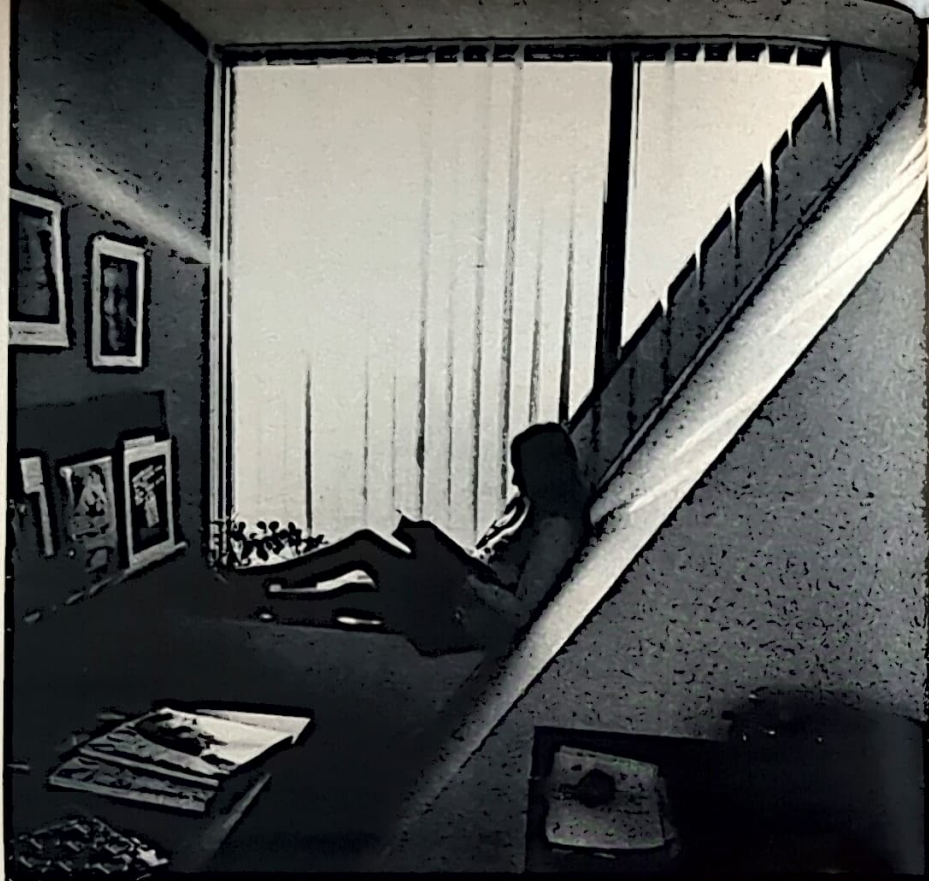
Growing Up in Chicago

Above the Chicago skyline, the John Hancock Center looms a hundred stories high, a splendid monument, or a damned sore thumb—depending on who's talking. Critics claim the building is too tall—at 1,107 feet, only 143 short of New York's proud but aged Empire State Building—and that it spoils Chicago's skyline. Others say it gives the skyline a needed emphasis. Similar buildings—and controversies—are high-rising across the nation, making passé the notion that one has to visit New York to see skyscrapers.





Diagonal cross beams help stabilize building's weight in Chicago wind, but also create odd-shaped windows (right) in some apartments.



Despite some drawbacks, a nifty view

From the day ground was broken four years ago, Big John, as the Hancock Center is known locally, has had its share of troubles. After four months of construction the steel frame was already two stories high when tests revealed that one of the "feet" of the foundation was standing on an air pocket. Most of the ironwork had to be torn down while the footing was firmed up, and that cost a million dollars.

After construction began again, "high iron" workers in the upper floors complained that Chicago's wind was blowing their tools off the ledges. More than \$50,000 worth of nets and fencing had to be installed. Even then, a doorman at a nearby hotel added a hard hat to his uniform—and a handsome assortment of wrenches to his tool kit.

Because work on some of the building's components was delayed, early tenants arrived to find their offices or apartments unpainted. Some of the elevator shafts were without doors, the gaping holes covered by wooden planking. There were no laundry rooms, no mailboxes.

Even today, Big John is still taking a lot of lumps. Critics claim:

- Its imposing presence spoiled plans for a new jetport—the building would have interfered with landing patterns.
- Its thousands of tenants and millions of anticipated visitors will hopelessly clog an already saturated traffic pattern.
- Its external skeleton—arranged in a criss-cross pattern the entire height of the building—offends some eyes. This construction tech-

nique adds strength and saves weight, but some people say it looks as if the building—which is narrower at the top than at the base—had never been taken out of its packing crate. (Surprisingly, some tenants whose windows are bisected by the diagonal beams consider the odd intrusions "charming—like an old attic dormer.")

—It causes rain. Warm, moist air rises along the face of the building, and when it gets into the higher, colder air, clouds form and a light, local drizzle begins. (At night, when the six huge red aircraft warning lights are lit, the clouds look like billowing smoke, and the fire department has answered several well-intended false alarms about a fire on the roof.)

Nor do animal lovers love Big John. The building is so high that migrating birds keep crashing into its sides—400 in one recent night. Birds, which have poor night vision, are both attracted and blinded by the aircraft beacons on the roof, which can be seen for 92 miles. Inside, the management has decreed that only one dog per floor be allowed. While there is no restriction as to breed, the rules do insist the dog be "carryable." This kept one couple from renting; he could carry their 60-pound Labrador retriever, but she couldn't.

But with all its troubles, the Hancock Center has met the approval of the ultimate judges—prospective tenants. Most of the 705 apartments and the 825,000 square feet of office space are already spoken for—at steep rents. Some covet what has become Chicago's newest prestige address, and with street crime what it is, others appreciate the elaborate se-

curity arrangements. There is almost no need to leave the building. Shops and markets are scattered throughout and strangers must pass two checkpoints before arriving at the residential floors.

But most people have clearly chosen Big John for the view. On a clear day from the \$750-a-month suite on the 92nd floor, you can see all the way to Michigan—about 50 miles. There's something rather special about looking down on high-flying birds.

And then there's the woman who says she hates the place and has taken an apartment there, on the 87th floor. Her reason: that's the only place in town from which it's just impossible to see the John Hancock Center.

JOAN DOWNS

Residential section begins at the 45th floor

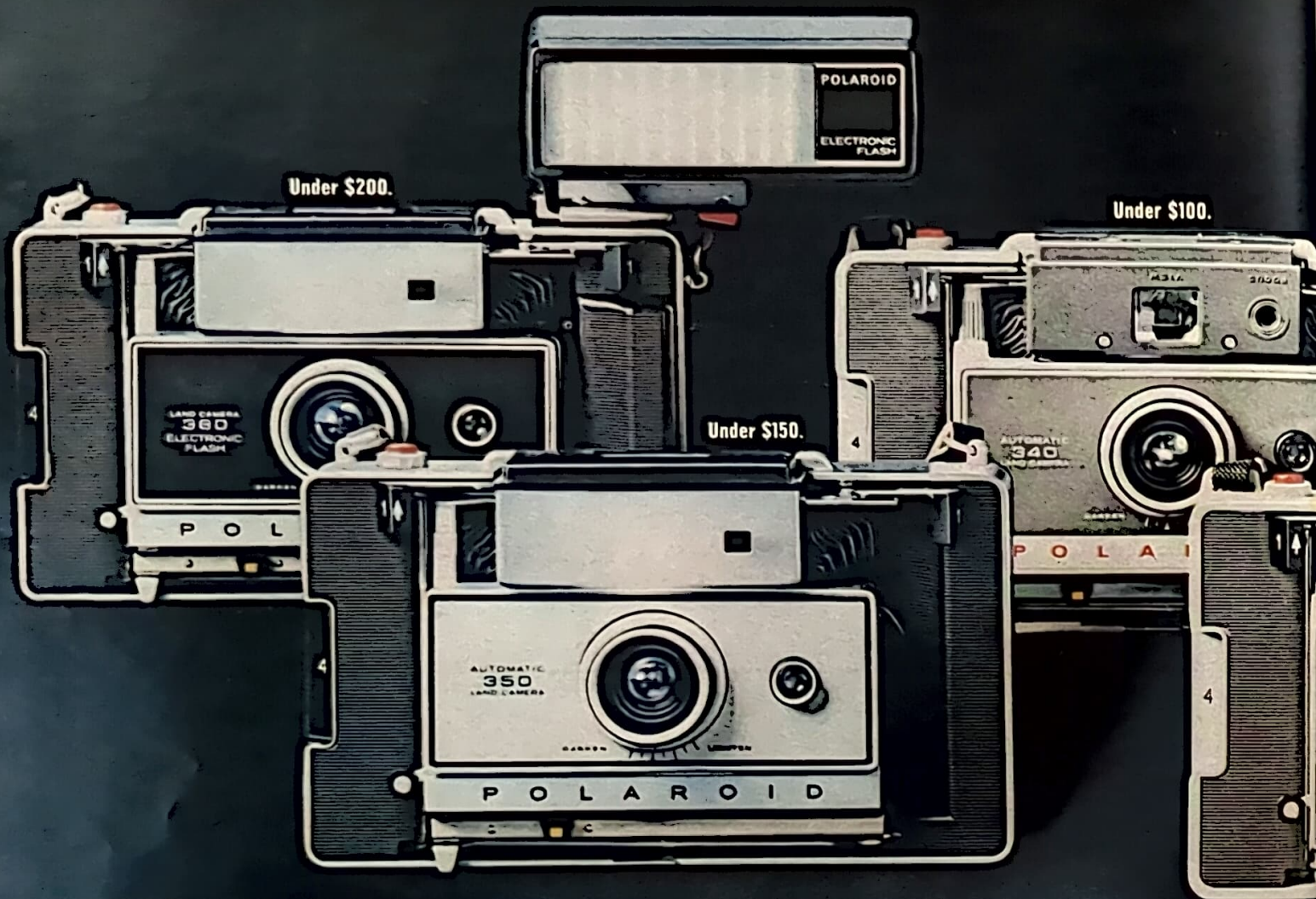


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The Polaroid Land camera. It'll tell you what happened on Christmas Day on Christmas Day.

Under \$200. The Model 360. Snap-on electronic flash. Freezes wildest action at 1/1000 second, recharges on house current (no more flashbulbs). Electronic timer lights up, counts, beeps when picture's perfectly developed. Electronic shutter, electric eye set exposures automatically. Single window Zeiss Ikon range-finder-viewfinder. The most self-sufficient camera in the world.

Under \$150. The Model 350. Electronic timer lights up

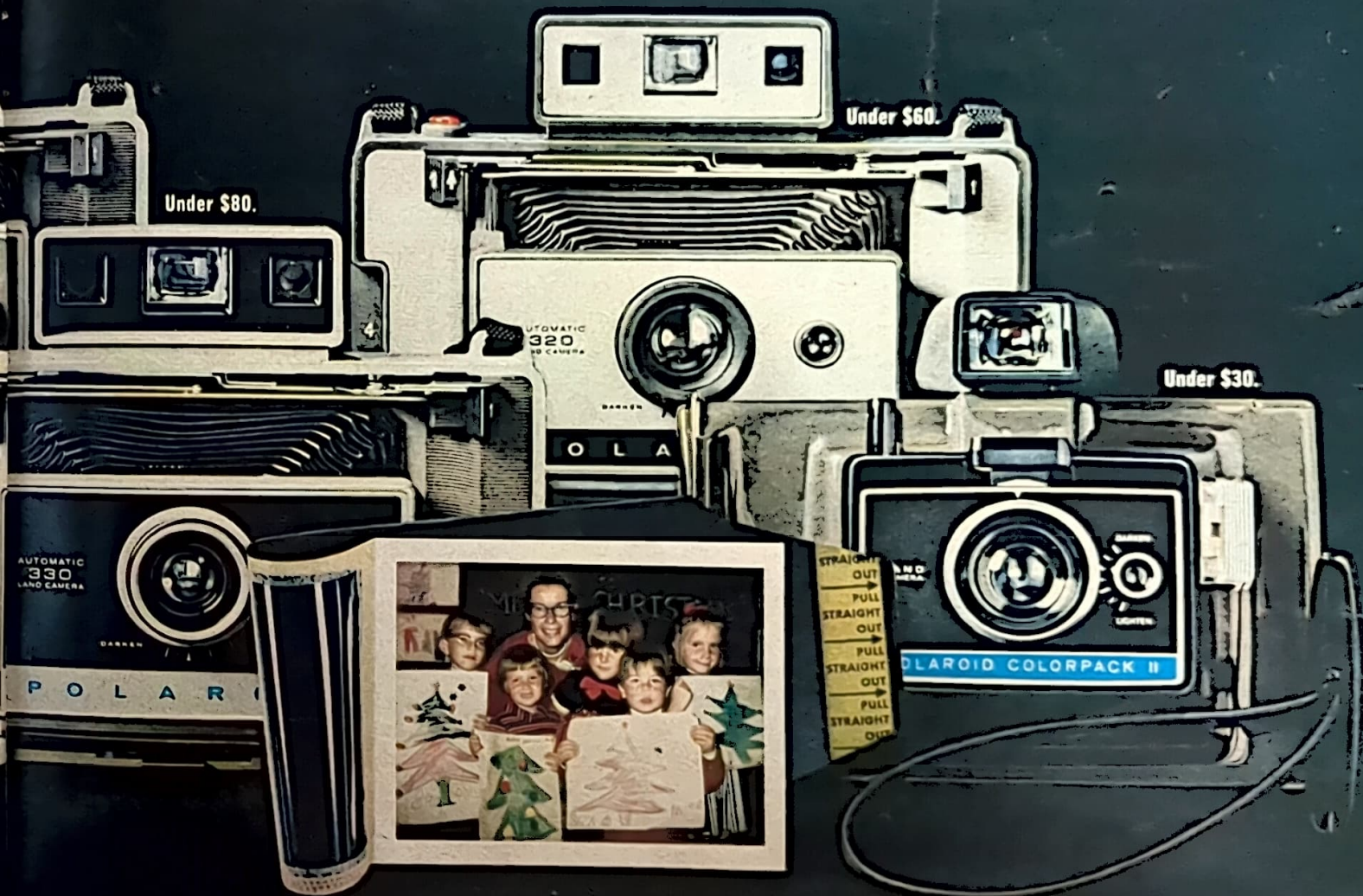
when you pull out film, beeps when picture's perfectly developed. Electronic shutter and electric eye automatically set correct exposure outdoors and indoors (even flash). Single window Zeiss Ikon range-finder-viewfinder. Same all-metal body as Model 360, brushed chrome finish.

Under \$100. The Model 340. Mechanical timer. (Set it, pull out film, push button. Timer cuts off when picture's ready.) Same electronic shutter, electric eye as more

expensive cameras. Dual image, fold-down coupled range-finder - viewfinder. Takes same accessories as more expensive cameras. Lightweight, high-impact plastic body.

Under \$80. The Model 330. Mechanical timer. (Set it, pull out film, push button. Timer cuts off when picture's ready.) Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically set correct exposure. Dual image, non-folding range-finder-viewfinder. Sharp triplet lens (same design as ex-

which one does what.

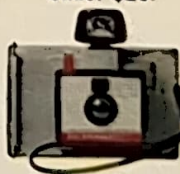


pensive cameras). Light-weight, high-impact plastic body. Detachable camera cover and carrying strap.

Under \$60. The Model 320. Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically set correct exposure, make flash pictures as perfectly as daylight pictures. Dual image, non-folding coupled rangefinder - viewfinder. Light-weight, high-impact plastic body. Detachable camera cover and carrying strap. (Same as more expensive cameras.)

Under \$30. Polaroid Colorpack II Land camera. Electronic shutter, electric eye automatically measure exposure (even flash). Built-in flash uses flashcubes (shoots 4 times in a row). Signals when flashcube is used. Has sharp 3-element lens. Ingenious viewfinder acts as 5-foot rangefinder. Quick-loading pack film (same 3 1/4" by 4 1/4" pictures as more expensive cameras, color or black & white). Picture taking almost as easy as opening your eyes.

Under \$25.



Polaroid Big Swinger, left. Black-and-white 3 1/4" by 4 1/4" pictures (same pack film). Photometer says "Yes" when exposure's right. Built-in flash. No focusing.

Under \$20.



Polaroid Swinger. (Black-and-white 2 1/2" by 3 1/4" pictures in 15 seconds.) Great budget gifts.



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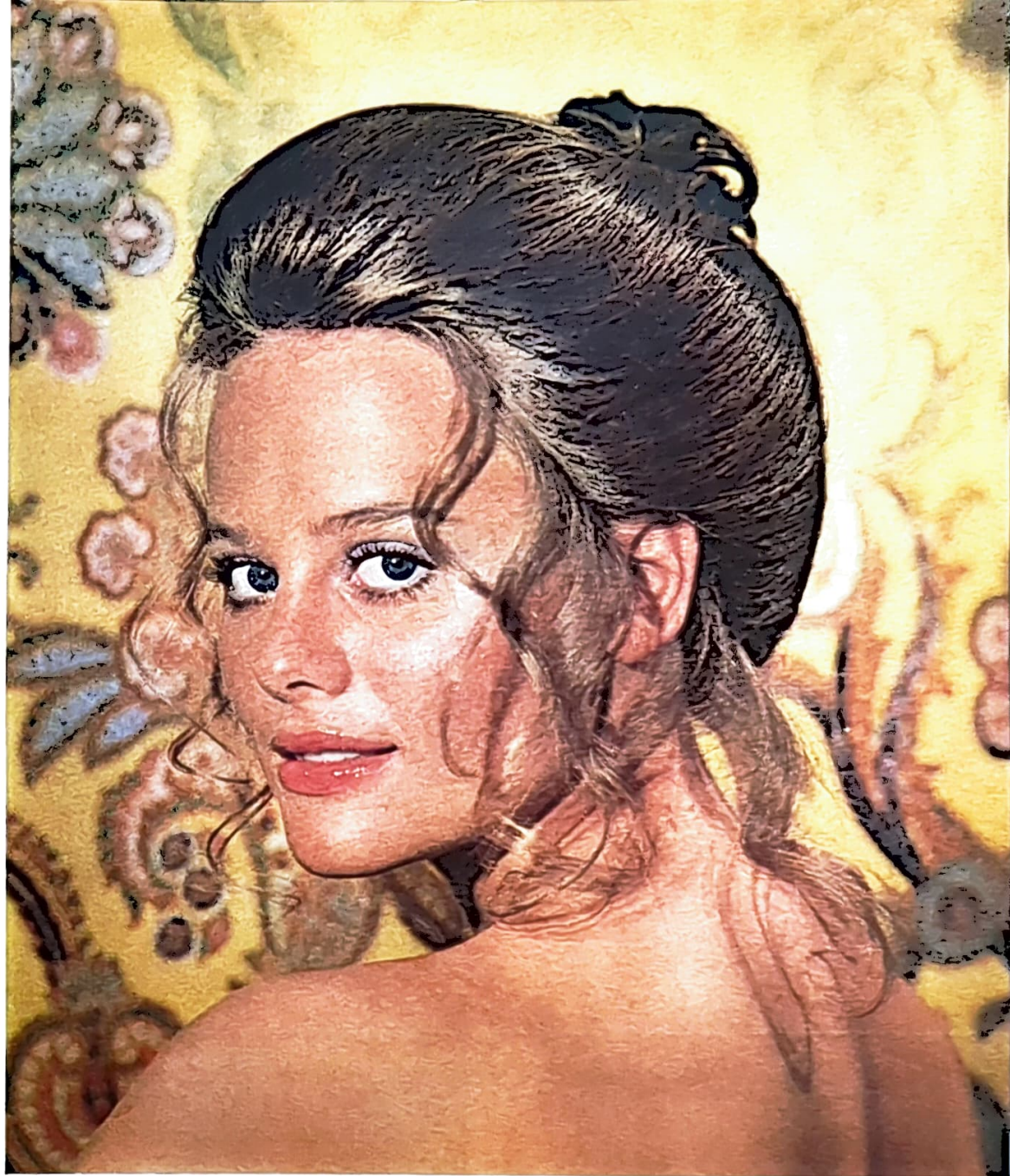
"It's Inconvenient," says Mrs. Frank MacLear. "I've worn it two days and my children are beginning to wonder."

Now folks, you too
can wear your hair
like a washerwoman
If you can afford it

Rub-a-dub-dub

What charwoman wouldn't be proud to go to a ball with her hair like this? Especially if she resembled the damsel above, upon whose pretty head Kenneth composed an ideal version of the bun-capped, tendriled style which has been sweeping fashionable domes lately. It can be called—alluding to turn-of-the-century modes—Belle Epoque, or, less romantically, Char, Concierge, or even Onion. But whatever you call it, it's really a matter of class.

"If it's teased well you can sleep on it three days," claims Mrs. Clyde Newhouse. "Spit works best on the curls."



Coiffeur Kenneth's salon daily turns out 70 hairdos like this model's and often resorts to false tendrils



Society ball at
New York's Plaza:
char-like noggins
but no rough
red hands



MISS VALERIE CLOSIER



MISS ANITA COLBY



MRS. WALTER MANN JR.



MRS. JOSEPH PICONE

MISS JANE HARDESTY



MRS. GIANCARLO UZIELLI



MRS. DAVID MUSS





It's the holiday season, 1795. Jacob Beam and his family are buckboarding it around the Kentucky countryside. Chinning with the neighbors. Giving gifts. Jacob Beam is giving his closest friends a bit of himself. Some Beam Bourbon. It comes from his own choicest grains. His own secret formula. And his secret

knack for making the best-tasting, lightest Bourbon within a two days' ride. It's a rare gift, because Jacob never seems to be able to make enough to keep up with the demand. Today, T. Jeremiah Beam, pictured here, makes Jim Beam Bourbon just like Jacob did, generations of Beams ago. And he's gift-wrapped it in a

handsome holiday package. Give it to some of your friends and you'll sort of be doing what old Jacob did. You'll be giving a bit of yourself. And that's still the rarest gift of all. "World's finest Bourbon since 1795."



Give Jim Beam. A rare gift for 175 Decembers.

86 Proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey Distilled and Bottled by the James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky

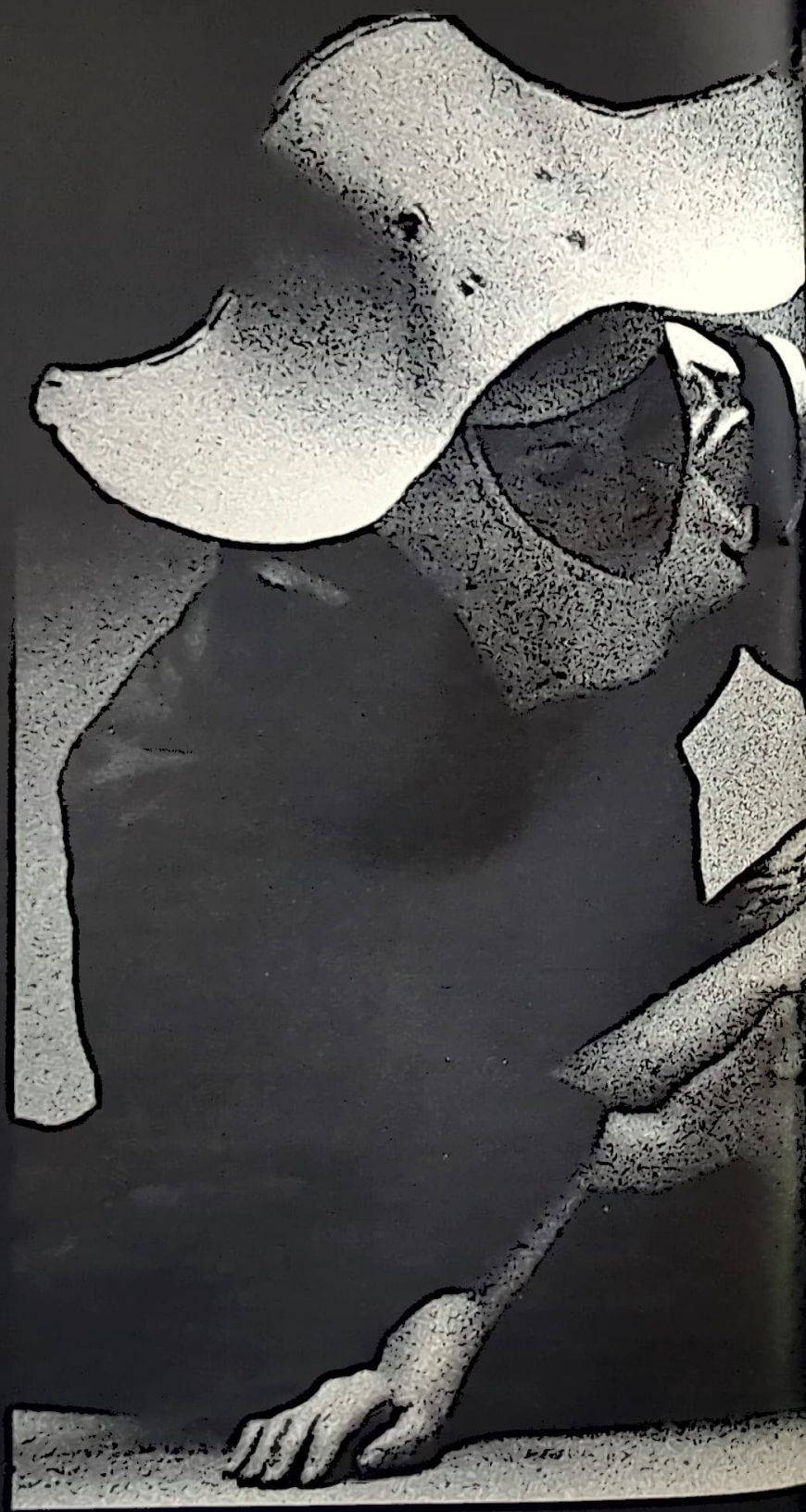
ILLUSIONS ETCHED IN ANGUISH

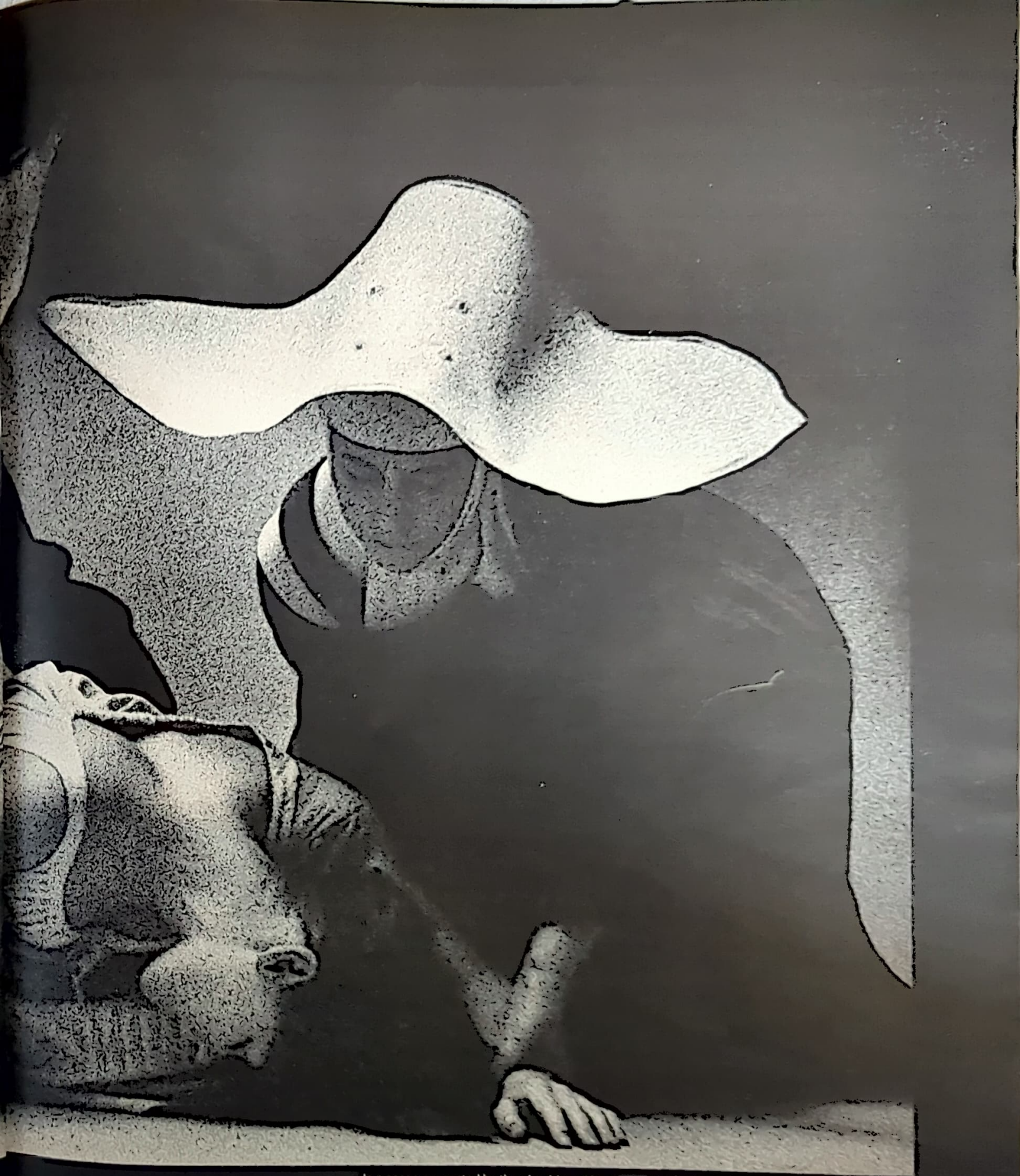
The images are grainy and dark and mercilessly real: nuns bending in a timeless attitude of succor to help a girl gone mad, a raging lunatic writhing in a straitjacket, the anguish of banishment from Eden. Yet these seemingly tortured souls are actors posing in a studio for a photographer. This does not release us from the burden of compassion and involvement the pictures impose. Though mere artifice, they haunt us with the elusiveness of half-forgotten memories tucked away in the eaves of the mind.

The ideas for these photographs by Max Waldman were suggested by scenes in off-Broadway plays. Waldman coaxes the actors into his tiny Manhattan studio, where he then painstakingly stages, lights and directs scenes of his own—some of which never took place in the theater. Peter Brook, who directed *Marat/Sade*, the inspiration for many of these photographs, sees in them a "world of forms and shadows . . . tragic, melancholy, elegiac, primitive."

In creating these visual fables, Waldman is not merely documenting the plays or trying photographically to represent some essential scenes. By manufacturing his illusion, he is striving to reach some truth behind the layers of our own illusions—and those of the actors playing madmen, who in turn are themselves acting in a play within the play. "Every picture you have ever seen," he says, "is a lie. What I am doing is a lie. I can get closer to the essence of your guts with what I am doing."

Photographed by
MAX WALDMAN

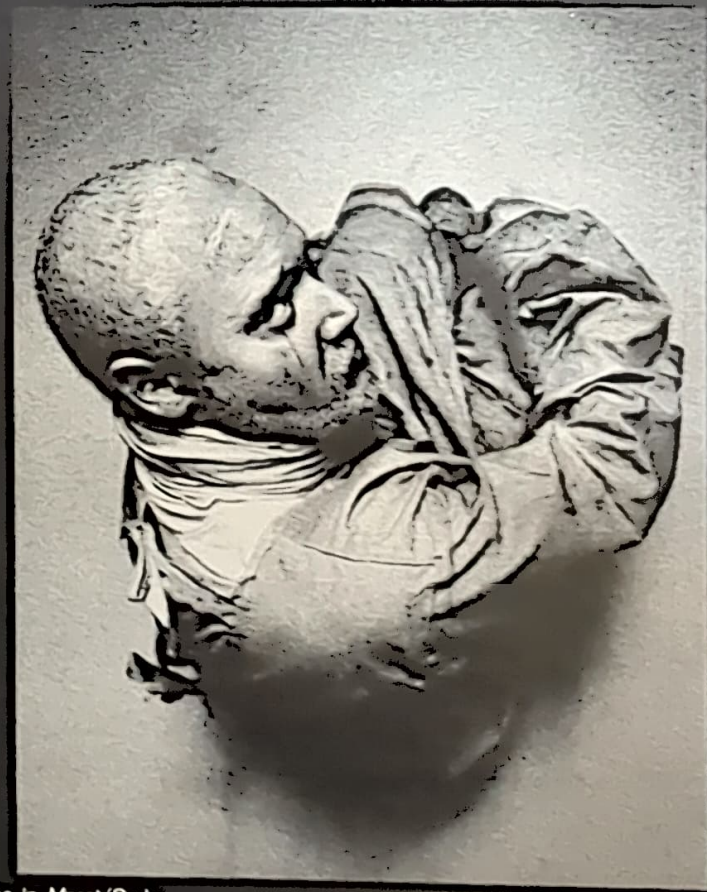
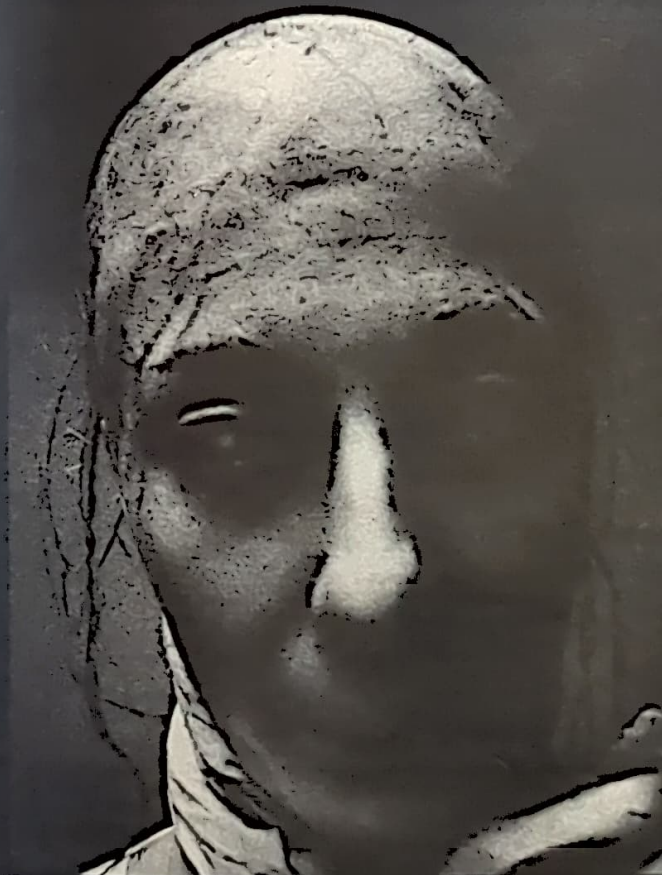
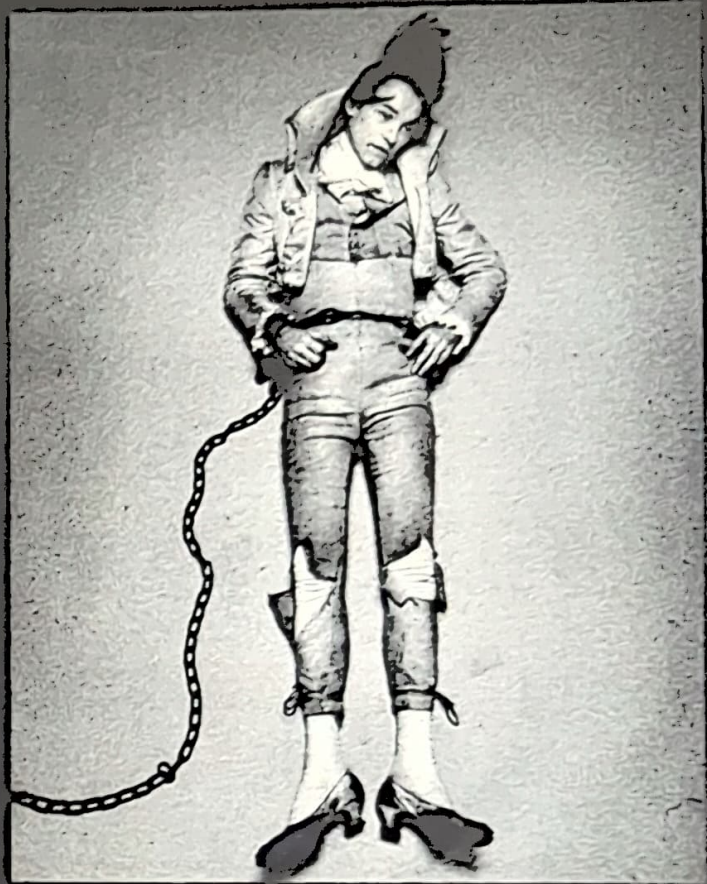




In a scene suggested by the play *Marat/Sade*,
nuns in an insane asylum attempt to revive an
inmate (Glenda Jackson) who suffers from

sleeping sickness, and melancholia. In the
play-within-a-play produced by the inmates,
she commits the slaying of Jean-Paul Marat.





Playing a violent inmate who must act his role while bound in his straitjacket, Robert Lloyd squats in pent-up fury at left. In other

scenes based on their roles in *Marat/Sade*, clockwise from top left: Sheila Grant, John Steiner, Morgan Sheppard and Tamura Fuerst.





Manuel Alon dances a scene (left) from *The Cellar*, his own composition produced by the Paul Sanasardo Dance Company in New York.




Pierre (Stephen Gierasch) beseeches the heavens, "Why, why and for whom?" in the APA-Phoenix production of *War and Peace*.

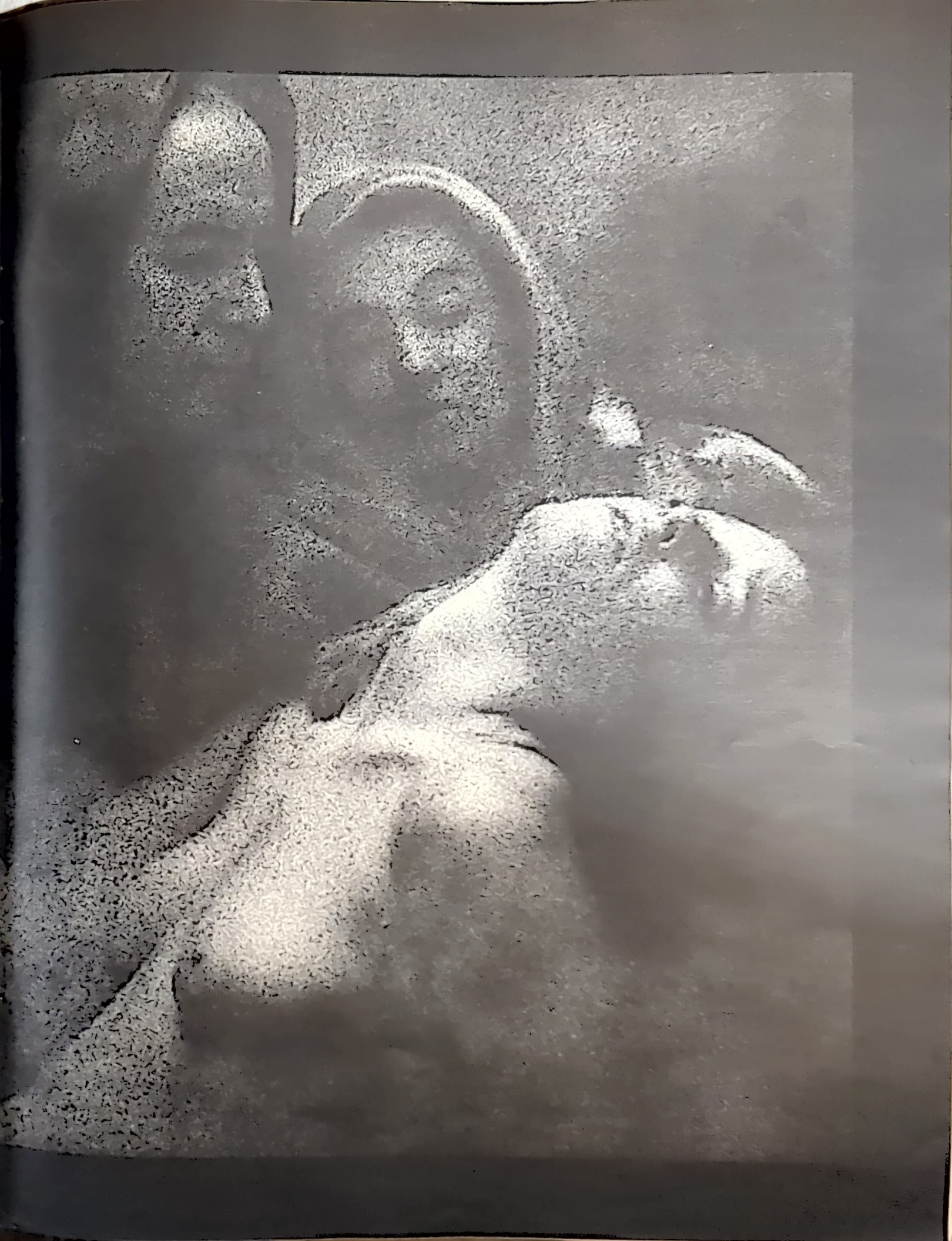
With actors from the Living Theater's production of *Paradise Now* (left), Waldman created a vision of man's fall from Eden.

The fairy Titania (Jane Farnol) embraces Bottom (right) in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, by the American Shakespeare Festival in 1967.





Waldman took these figures from different scenes in *The Sound of a Different Drum*—an artist's model and enigmatic hooded men—and composed a powerful tableau of death.



Give the Party Starter to a friend. You'll never hear the end of it.

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(Mrs. E. J. B., Phila., Pa.)

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ROTO-ROOTER CORPORATION,
West Des Moines, Iowa 50265

and away go troubles down the drain



Photographer Max Waldman

A look into midnight just one flight up

Max Waldman's studio is a small, second-story linoleum-floored cell on a truck-clogged street in mid-Manhattan. Under the sooty skylight, his bicycle leans against one whitewashed wall, flanked by some grotesque plaster sculptures and a huge Gothic bathtub that Max built to use as a prop in shooting the *Marat/Sade* cast—in one just like it, Marat was knifed on stage by Charlotte Corday. The Latin throbbings from the luncheonette jukebox downstairs collide gently with the Bach cantatas that Max likes to play on his hi-fi system while he works. But dominating everything, even Bach, are the scores of photographs on the walls, all of them about the theater and all of them done in the same chiaroscuro style of those on the preceding pages. It took Max a long time to arrive at that style. The route led from Brooklyn's then Jewish (now black) ghetto of East New York to art school, to college teaching as a painter, and then, when the camera he used as a kind of notebook for paintings suddenly seemed more attractive than canvas, into commercial and advertising photography. "There isn't a trick I don't know or didn't use," Max says. "I used to do the most complicated things—10- or 15-negative montages. But now my pictures are very straight; a good amateur could go in and come out with the same print quality."

Max describes what he wants to evoke in a picture as "a feeling of loneliness and despair and anxiety; all the things that seem to be dark, brooding, the human condition chopped down." Even as a painter, Waldman had found this gloomy style a comfortable one ("If I painted flowers, they were flowers long after they had bloomed"). Now he says with the certitude of an artist in control of his medium: "The quality of the lighting and the mood that is identifiable with my style doesn't lend itself to, say, a bubbly musical. The action itself has a midnight-to-6 look . . . when one's skull slants back and all the evilness comes out."

Waldman, now 50, has launched, with Photographers Jerry Uelsmann and W. Eugene Smith, "The Poster Gallery," a company to produce poster-sized prints of their work aimed at connoisseurs of photography as a fine art. He also is working to attract foundation money for his boldest vision—a photographic study, done in the Waldman style, of every major performing arts company in the United States.

JOHN NEARY

Tell someone you like about Lark's Gas-Trap™ filter. He may remember your anniversary.

Use your head.

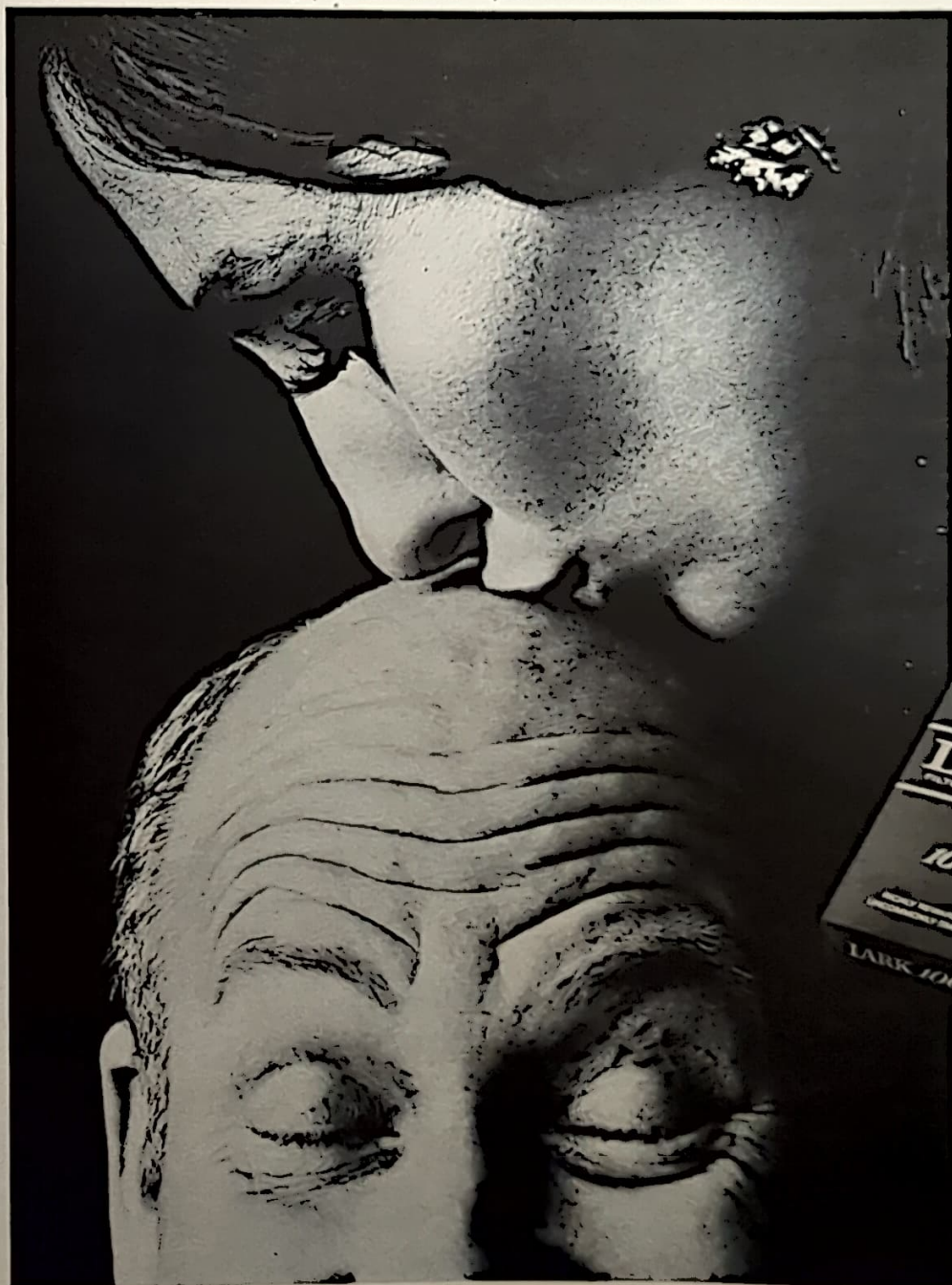
Maybe your husband already knows that almost 90% of cigarette smoke is gas. And, that Lark's Gas-Trap filter not only reduces "tar" and nicotine, but gases as well.

But you can still tell him a thing or two. For instance: Lark's Gas-Trap filter reduces certain of those harsh gases by nearly twice as much as any other filter on

any other popular brand!

And you can bet he didn't know that Lark spent enough research money on the Gas-Trap filter to buy full-length minks for all the girls in the Junior League.

Here's your *Pièce de Résistance*: tell him Lark's Gas-Trap filter is patented (U.S. Patent No. 3,251,365) so it's unique—just like him. He'll listen.



King Size
or new 100's.



Attacking the "plight of the American woman, who functions as a breeding machine," a women's liberation group demonstrates near Wall Street. Members collected signatures on petitions opposing abortion laws.

An 'Oppressed



Majority' Demands Its Rights

The cause of women's equality draws a growing number of active—and angry—female militants

by SARA DAVIDSON

To demonstrate against the Miss America pageant was a glorious idea! "Protest the mindless boob girlie symbol of American womanhood. Help crown a live sheep Miss America. Burn bras, fashion magazines and cosmetic goop in a freedom trash can." The handbills were signed, "Women's Liberation." It was September 1968 and my immediate reaction was, "Beautiful." After a fling at modeling as a teen-ager, I had long resented the plastic (buy-me!) images of the fashion press, and beauty contests where women are paraded like prize cattle. If I had had free time, I would have wandered out to Atlantic City. Women's liberation was a grand joke, the supreme, anarchist zap to the system.

Three weeks later, I was at Columbia University for a political meeting when a member of women's liberation asked to speak. She was a pretty, soft-featured brunette who wore a loose gray sweater and no bra, and she was dead earnest. She said women are the most oppressed and underprivileged class in any society. The audience laughed and hooted. One man drew vulgar pictures on the blackboard. S.D.S. members yelled obscenities, and the girl walked out near tears. I remember laughing and feeling, inexplicably, embarrassed.

Today women's liberation has become a serious national movement. In less than two years, it has grown in numbers and militancy, embracing a wide spectrum of women: housewives, professionals, students, women who are married, single, divorced, with children or childless. Fifty years after American women were granted the right to vote, a new feminist movement, predominantly middle-class and centered around universities and the cities, has begun at the grass roots level. The movement, which some say is 10,000 strong, has no national organization, no formal title, but "women's liberation" is the collective name most often used to describe it. The groups vary in every community, but all raise common themes: women are denied opportunity to fulfill their talents; traditional sex roles and family structure must be changed; women must relate in new ways to one another and to men.

Members of women's liberation point to civil

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Sara Davidson combines marriage with a career in journalism. She has written articles recently on Bernadette Devlin's American tour and rock and roll life-style.

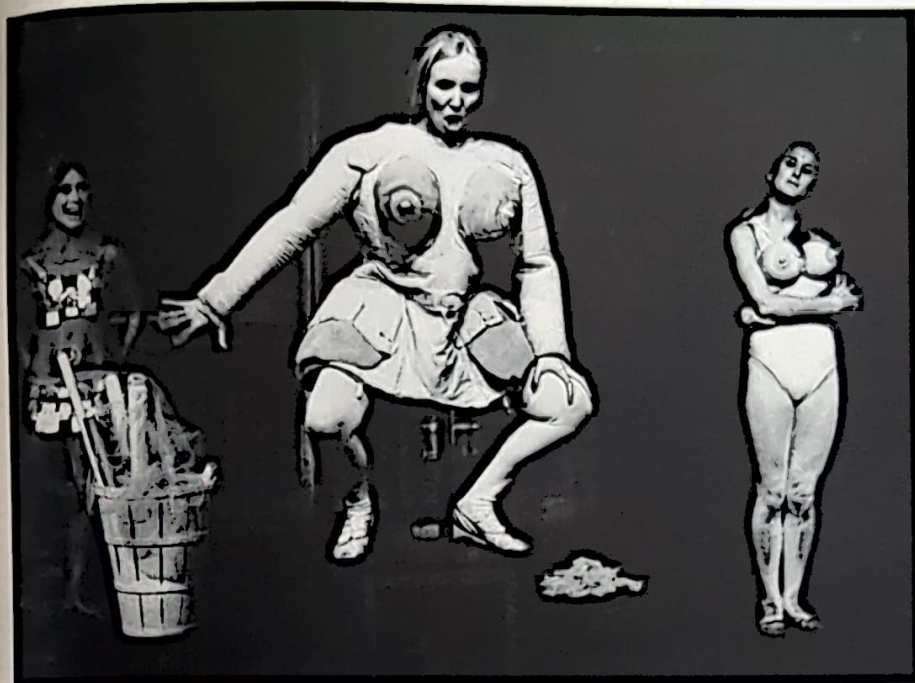


Two members of Boston Female Liberation, Jayne West and Dana Densmore, practice a form of karate called Tae Kwon Do. "Most women are afraid of physical conflict because they've been brought up as 'women,'" says Miss Densmore.

Ti-Grace Atkinson, left, with members of the Feminists, demonstrates at Manhattan's Marriage License Bureau. "Sex is overrated," she says. "If someday we have to choose between sex and freedom, there's no question I'd take freedom."



'Marriage means lifelong slavery'



Like several other community theaters, the Caravan Theater in Cambridge, Mass. stages feminist plays. *How To Make a Woman*, one of their productions, uses grotesque props to attack the "sexual exploitation" of women.

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rights, radical activism and the black liberation struggle as having inspired them. The birth control pill, which gave women more options, was also a factor. But perhaps most important, women in the last few decades were allowed small measures of equality, which aroused greater expectations. In colleges, women received the same education as men, only to find they could not use it upon graduation.

"As I read more about the movement, I felt certain chords in my own experience were being hit. Almost every woman, even if she is happy in her role, has buried within her rankling resentment. From our earliest years, we were taught our lives would be determined not by ourselves but by the men we married. We sang rhymes about whom we would marry: 'Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; doctor, lawyer, Indian chief.' Little boys do not sing, 'Actress, heiress, social worker, nurse.' If our mothers pursued careers on top of being housewives, our situation was more ambiguous. We were encouraged to become self-sufficient, but to stay flexible enough so that we could adapt our life work, or give it up, for the right man. We worried ceaselessly about getting married and if we did not do so by our early 20s, we were pressured and insulted. 'What's wrong with you? How come you're not married?' When we did marry, our husbands usually determined where and how we lived.

Early this fall I set out to contact women's liberation in New York, not an easy task, because the groups are not listed in the phone book. You have to find someone who knows the number of someone, or learn about a demonstration and at-

tend it. The first group I was able to locate was the Feminists, who appeared one afternoon at the Marriage License Bureau to protest the marriage contract. Ti-Grace Atkinson, a tall blonde from Louisiana who is a doctoral candidate in philosophy and a longtime radical feminist, told the women reporters, who stifled smiles, that husbands should pay wives for all labor in the house. She grimaced. "Tony Bennett sings these songs of propaganda: get married and everything will be all right. Marriage means rape and lifelong slavery." A reporter asked, "What about pregnancy?" Ti-Grace (her name is Cajun for petite, or little, Grace) constricted her face, as if suffering. "It's very painful. It's so immature to grow babies in people's bodies. If we had test-tube babies, there would be less chance of deformed fetuses."

Five of the Feminists, who ranged from 25 to 30, met with me later in the one-room, one-windowed apartment of Pamela Kearon in a Greenwich Village tenement. They said they joined forces a year ago to annihilate sex roles. The group is highly regimented; all tasks are assigned by lot, members cannot miss meetings or disagree with the Feminists' line, and no more than a third of the group can be married or living with a man. "The purpose of our quota is to show that we mean what we say," Ti-Grace said. "We reject marriage both in theory and in practice." I began to feel self-conscious about the wedding ring on my finger. "Aren't there any positive differences between the sexes?" I asked. Linda Feldman, a heavy-set office worker, said, "I don't know if there are any differences between men and women. What differences could there be ex-

cept genitals?" I said men are physically stronger. She said, "I don't think that would be true if women exercised more strenuously while growing up."

On to love. Ti-Grace said, "Love has to be destroyed. It's an illusion that people care for each other. Friendship is reciprocal, love isn't." And sex? "In the good society, we can't tell what will happen to sexual attraction. It may be that sex is a neurotic manifestation of oppression. It's like a mass psychosis."

"The more I understand what's going on with men," Ti-Grace said, "the less I miss male companionship and sex. Men brag about domination, conquest, trickery, exploitation. It gets so I can't even respond. Male chauvinism comes out in waves—every gesture, every word."

After three hours on this subject, I was depressed. What had led these women to the point where they could coldly dismiss feeling and touching, sex and love? Some of them are quite beautiful, which creates political contradictions. Women's liberation rejects the glossy magazines' vision of the liberated girl, who wears see-through clothes, smokes Virginia Slims and gives free love. The feminists say this fake liberated girl is a sex object, a bigger and better prostitute, not a human being. Women's liberation members avoid makeup, fancy hair styles and seductive clothes. If they go without bras, it is to be natural, not erotic. A girl in Chicago described the progression of giving up short skirts, then makeup, and recently, shaving her legs. "I still look at my legs and think, oh my God, I cannot go through with this. I'll die for the revolution, but don't ask me not to shave my legs! I have to keep reminding myself that there's nothing wrong with body hair, and no reason for one sex to scrape a razor over their legs."

Even the most radical feminists, however, retain many female character traits: soft-spokenness; talkiness (interviews and phone calls are difficult to terminate); and a proclivity for handwork. There was hardly a meeting I attended where someone was not knitting. While they condemn seductiveness, many want to look attractive. Pam Kearon of the Feminists said, "People like to look nice for other people. It's a statement of respect. It's just not true that we want to look like ugly freaks."

Some of the Feminists were active in the National Organization for Women (NOW), which they left in 1968 because they felt it was not radical enough. NOW was founded by Betty Friedan, whose book, *The Feminine Mystique*, was the signal flare of the new feminism in 1963. NOW members are, for the most part, professional women who want to end sex discrimination in hiring, promotions and salaries; repeal abortion laws; establish comprehensive child care; and place women in policy-making posts. NOW has been called "the NAACP of the women's movement," but in the past year it has moved left, influenced by the younger activists.

In an apartment on the Lower East Side, Redstockings, a group which takes its name from

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I began to encounter hostility and fear

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"Blue Stockings," a term used in the past for intellectual women, meets each Sunday. A poster on the wall reads: "Speak pains to recall pains—the Chinese Revolution. Tell it like it is—the black revolution. Bitch, sisters, bitch!—the final revolution." The group employs consciousness-raising, or the bitch session, to gain political insights from shared feelings. More than 30 young women sit crowded on the floor of the small, stuffy room for five to six hours. A question is posed, such as, "Did you choose to stay single or marry?" Each girl relates specific incidents in her life, and at the end, the "testimony" is analyzed. They find that problems they thought were their own private sorrows are shared by everyone in the group. "If all women share the same problem, how can it be personal? Women's pain is not personal, it's political."

In the past month Redstockings has been considering, "How do you feel about sexual commitment and fidelity? Have you ever wanted to have more than one sex relationship at a time?" Several said their boyfriends or husbands felt women should be faithful while men could be free. One said she'd mind less if her husband had affairs with people he didn't care about than if he were emotionally involved. Another disagreed: "Since I've been in women's liberation, I object to my husband using other women like that."

One girl said, "I would like to be able to be tolerant and understanding if I learned my husband was having an affair, but I don't think I would be." Another said, "We say we'd like to be that way, but no one in this room would not feel hurt and angry. Maybe infidelity is a bad thing, and our feelings are right." The point struck me. Why should women not listen to their feelings; why should they feel guilty about them? The group was split on the desire for sexual commitment. Some felt it was imprisonment; others saw it as true freedom. At length they hit on the idea that women might write up their own marriage contract that would spell out commitment to fidelity or lack of it, priorities in life, and what division of labor there would be in the home.

Members of Redstockings have spent much time analyzing why women feel competitive and suspicious of one another, why so many like to say, "I'm a man's woman," and place little value on female friendships. Those who succeed in careers often feel they are special and look down on other women. Redstockings members say they identify with all women, and will always take the woman's side. "In fighting for our liberation . . . we will not ask what is 'revolutionary' or 'reformist,' only what is good for women."

About the time of the Redstockings meeting, I began to encounter hostility, fear and a distressing contrariness in some of the women's groups. I called a member of WITCH (Women's International Terrorist Conspiracy from Hell), a feminist revolutionary group which, in its manifesto,

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sees witches as the first guerrilla fighters against women's oppression: "Witches have always been women who dared to be groovy, courageous, aggressive, intelligent, nonconformist, sexually liberated, revolutionary." We spoke for an hour with what I felt was warmth and rapport, and arranged to meet the next week. When I called later to set the time, the woman hung up. I thought it was a mistake; I called back, and she said, "I've decided I don't want to be used as an object by LIFE magazine." In the background, a woman was screaming, "Don't apologize, just hang up."


Members of another group said they would vote at their meeting on whether to talk with me. I was informed the decision had been affirmative. When I appeared at the appointed hour, one of the women said she had changed her mind. "We've been ridiculed by so many journalists. I don't think we should cooperate." The group flipped over like a row of cards.

In Boston, a girl active in a new group, Bread and Roses, invited me to stay at her home. I declined, but asked to meet her. When I arrived, she said nervously that a mistake had been made. She had spoken with others, who urged her not to talk to me. I made further calls. Several people cursed and hung up. One girl said she was torn between wanting to communicate about women's liberation and fear of the American public's reaction. "We've been attacked as lesbians,

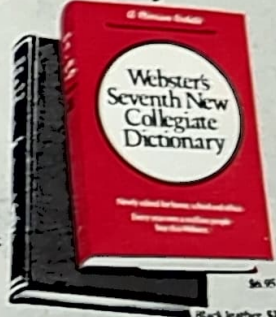
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Robin Morgan of WITCH holds her 5-month-old son, Blake. "Women shouldn't be afraid to be assertive," she says. "And men shouldn't be afraid to be dependent."



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Women are learning to express outrage

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or sick, frustrated bitches." Others ranted at me as a member of the "corrupt, bourgeois press," asked for money, and insisted they be allowed to censor anything I would write.

These experiences unnerved me, despite reminders that I should not take it personally and an understanding of what lay behind the fear and hostility. The negative reactions toward me expressed a great deal of what women's liberation is about: women's long-suppressed anger at being used; women's sense of vulnerability and defenselessness; women's suspicion and mistrust of other women; women's insecurity, lack of confidence in their judgments, the "secret fear," as one girl put it, "that maybe we are inferior."

I had dinner with Diana Gerrity, a staff editor at the *Atlantic*, who sympathized with my frustration. She said people in women's liberation are just getting in touch with the anger pent up inside them. "It takes a long time for any girl to realize she can register her outrage." Diana, tall and willowy, with long chestnut hair, was a fashion model while doing graduate work at the University of Chicago. She is 25, has been married two years, and joined a liberation group last May. "We've gotten to know each other very well. I don't think I ever trusted women before or really thought they were valuable people to be with. Friendships were based on competing for men."

As Diana spoke she would interrupt herself and say, "I don't know if I'm making sense." There is not a woman I know who doesn't feel, at some points, that she is rambling, not being rational. This must stem from expectations that women will be imprecise and fuzzy in their logic. In universities, a compliment paid to bright women is, "You think like a man." Women who are successful in professions come to think they have male attributes. A girl who was telling me about the difficulties of her job made an interesting slip: "I'm harassed by all the other men."

Diana is studying Tae Kwon Do, the Korean form of karate, two nights a week. "I've always felt great fear whenever I had to go out alone. Several friends of mine have been raped. Karate is as much psychological as it is physical training. It gives you the confidence to be able to judge a situation, or maybe fight your way out, instead of just collapsing."

The karate class is taught by Jayne West, a member of Boston Female Liberation, formerly called Cell 16. Female Liberation is a tight-knit, fiercely committed and clannish group which includes Abby Rockefeller, daughter of David Rockefeller, chairman of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Roxanne Dunbar, who grew up on a poor white farm in the South and has been writing and lecturing on women's liberation for more than six years.

There were 12 women in the class, three of them teen-agers, and one 7-year-old who said she wanted to be able to beat up the 16-year-old bully on

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Redstockings meet for a "consciousness-raising" session. "Women aren't in a position to make demands now," one says. "We have to build a mass movement first."

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her block. Wearing coarse white uniforms, the women worked in precise, military rows, punching, jabbing and kicking, biting their lips and yelling "Kee-up!" Jayne West, a blue belt, who wears a headband Indian style over her long dark hair, rammed the floor with a board as she called out instructions. She kicked at the girls' legs and shoved them from behind. "You've got to be very steady. Your punch has to be accurate. You want to hit the person's solar plexus." I was watching from the back of the room when suddenly Jayne said, "Bricks!" The women wheeled and stampeded toward me. My blood froze. Bricks? I found I was sitting next to a pile of bricks; each woman grabbed one, tore back to line and began pounding it with her fists.

In their journal, *No More Fun and Games*, Female Liberation members urge women to leave their husbands and children and to avoid pregnancy. Women should dress plainly, chop their hair short, and begin to "reclaim themselves" by dropping their husbands' or fathers' names. They should live alone and abstain from sexual relationships.

Women's liberation has flowered in Boston to the point where it is impossible to attend a social gathering without hearing the subject discussed. There are probably more than 1,000 women in the area engaged in feminist study groups, theater, groups of secretaries and clerical workers, groups to legalize abortion, child care groups, encounter groups and women's communes.

A longtime friend of mine, Jane Harriman, joined a women's liberation group last May, and we stayed up through the night talking about the movement. Jane is 29, an expressive, blue-eyed, affection-giving woman who likes to play sad sack and be humorous at her own expense. She is not married and supports herself and her 2-year-old

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"Every woman should get what she needs out of women's liberation," says Diana Gerrity, a member of two feminist groups. "It may just be the courage to speak out."

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son by working as a writer for a social research firm. Members of her group, which meets once a week, have been examining their personal lives to see where options were narrowed, restrictions imposed because of sex. When Jane was 14, she decided she wanted to be a doctor. "I began working in a hospital and studied science like mad. Gradually I got the idea I should be a nurse instead. My father told me I was bright, so I would be an exceptional nurse, but as a woman I would be only a fair doctor." After high school, she was urged to go to college, primarily, she thinks, to meet college men. Then when she had been at Bennington College two years, her father began sending her brochures for secretarial schools.

Along with the pressure to pursue a womanly career, Jane remembers the pressure to get a man. "As a teen-ager, your whole personality had to change to be popular with boys. You had to be empty-headed and amusing. You wore falsies and a girdle, and bleached your hair. I remember the horror of thinking, what if boys see me without makeup?"

Since women's liberation, Jane believes sex roles should be redefined. "Why shouldn't men share the responsibility for raising children and keeping house? I used to laugh about that, but I don't now. Why shouldn't a woman, if she's attracted to a man, be able to call and invite him to a movie? Why aren't there Playboy Clubs for women where we could go after work and have a very attractive man serve us drinks and say, 'Hi, I'm your bull, Mike?'"

Jane feels women's liberation is not anti-male. "Because you believe women are human beings, not objects, doesn't mean you don't like men. It's terrible to need a man for your identity. You want a man as an enrichment to your life."

The next morning, I drove from Boston to Windham College in Putney, Vt., where women's liberation members had been invited to speak. The college of 840 students is an arresting sight: white double-decker buildings with domed skylights set in a wooded field. About 100 people

Jane Harriman chose to raise her son David alone, but she isn't against idea of marriage: "I want to be able to love a man as an equal, not a superior," she says.

were waiting in the science auditorium. Janet Murray, a social worker who was wearing an orange blouse with the sleeves rolled up, a tweed skirt and oxford shoes, said: "The most painful and the greatest cause of women's oppression is the nuclear family. We think it should be broken up or radically changed, so that men and women share the economic responsibility, the child-care and the drudgery. As it is now, women get all the drudgery. It's a bad division of labor." Marya Levenson, a young graduate student and member of Bread and Roses, said people are experimenting with communal child-raising and cooperative play groups, where the fathers put in equal time. "The men begin to see taking care of children is boring and it's not all groovy being mother earth."

When they asked for questions, only male hands went up. Marya smiled. "You can see that in a mixed group the men tend to dominate and the women don't talk. That's why women's liberation groups have to be all women." After a pause, a fair-skinned girl rose and said, "I'm married, I have two children, and I'm happy as a clam. Some people naturally enjoy the passive role. I'd hate to see a society where there was no choice of being a housewife." Marya said, "There's no choice under the present society. If women resent being a housewife, or don't want to get married, they're told to see a psychiatrist." About 25 women, many faculty wives, stayed afterward to talk about forming a women's liberation group.

We slept that night on cots in the farmhouse of a political science professor. Next morning, as we drove back to Boston, Janet Murray, who is married and has a 3-year-old daughter, said: "I miss my nuclear family."

The first feminist movement in America took 50 years to gain mass support. Toward the end, the struggle for women's suffrage, won in 1920, eclipsed the deeper social changes the suffragettes had been calling for. Since 1920, the social and economic position of women has advanced little. Women's liberation has already revived national interest in feminism. Some of the groups, which grew out of the New Left, believe socialism is a prerequisite for women's liberation, and that

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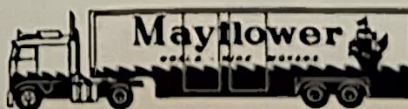




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The groups have more recruits than they can handle

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women must confront racism and imperialism as well as their own oppression. Other groups do not feel associated with the left, and see male chauvinism, not capitalism, as the main enemy.

All the groups have more members than they know what to do with. "We don't have money to even distribute literature," a member of Redstockings said. "It's enough at this point for people to just start thinking and talking about women's liberation." Several groups are publishing feminist journals—*Aphra* in New York and *Women: A Journal of Liberation* in Baltimore. The Caravan Theater in Boston performs *How To Make a Woman* every weekend, followed by audience discussions. The New Feminist Repertory Theater in New York, directed by Anselma dell'Olivo, is preparing a revue to tour the country. One sketch shows a man's reaction when he finds an impregnated uterus has been placed in his body.

Those who have been in women's liberation for many months are trying to incorporate their politics in their personal lives. Some have formed communes—all women, or mixed, with work divided equally. Many are restructuring their nuclear families. Robin Morgan, a member of WITCH, who is a poet, editor and former child actress (she played Dagmar in the television series *Mama*), has been married seven years and has a 5-month-old son. Robin and her husband, Poet Kenneth Pitchford, have consciously worked to share all roles. Both have part-time jobs, he in the mornings, she afternoons; while one works, the other takes care of the baby. "We're both mothers," Robin says. "He bottle feeds, I breast feed." Before the baby was born, they chose a name they felt was genderless—Blake, after the English romantic poet, William Blake, who, Robin says, was an early feminist. If the baby had been a girl, she would have taken her mother's last name instead of her father's. Robin hopes they will be living in a commune before Blake grows up. "Our arrangement is one attempt at an interim solution. But no personal solution will work until we have a complete social and economic revolution which stresses the liberation of 51% of the people."

Overexposure to women's liberation leads, I found, to headaches, depression and a fierce case of the shakes. A friend of mine retreated to her kitchen after a weekend of meetings to lose herself in an orgy of baking pies. I stayed home for three days and stopped answering the phone. But women's liberation was accelerating each day.

In New York court suits were filed to have the state abortion laws declared unconstitutional.

Members of NOW picket the headquarters of New York mayoralty candidates before recent election for not taking a stand on women's rights. They urged female volunteers to "stop licking stamps and boots."

Women's liberation in San Francisco learned a group of radical men were publishing a pornographic magazine to raise money for politics. They confronted the editor, convinced him he could not advance his cause at the expense of women, and burned the magazine layouts.

A WITCH coven, carrying pails and brooms, performed guerrilla skits on Wall Street to shocked and amused crowds.

NOW picketed the headquarters of the three candidates for mayor of New York for failing to take a stand on women's rights. At John Lindsay's headquarters on Fifth Avenue, Nancy Seifer, who works for Lindsay, brought out a statement of partial support. Nancy told me, "I agree with their ideas, but some of their demands are unrealistic." We began arguing, casually, about what women should demand, when a young salesman, tall and beanpole thin, with crew-cut blond

hair, interrupted us: "Women aren't discriminated against! Women aren't capable of certain types of work, just like men aren't capable of raising children. A woman will fold under pressure more easily than a man. A woman can't make decisions or quick judgments."

Nancy and I both got mad. The salesman, Hugh Wessell, said, "Women aren't open about sex."

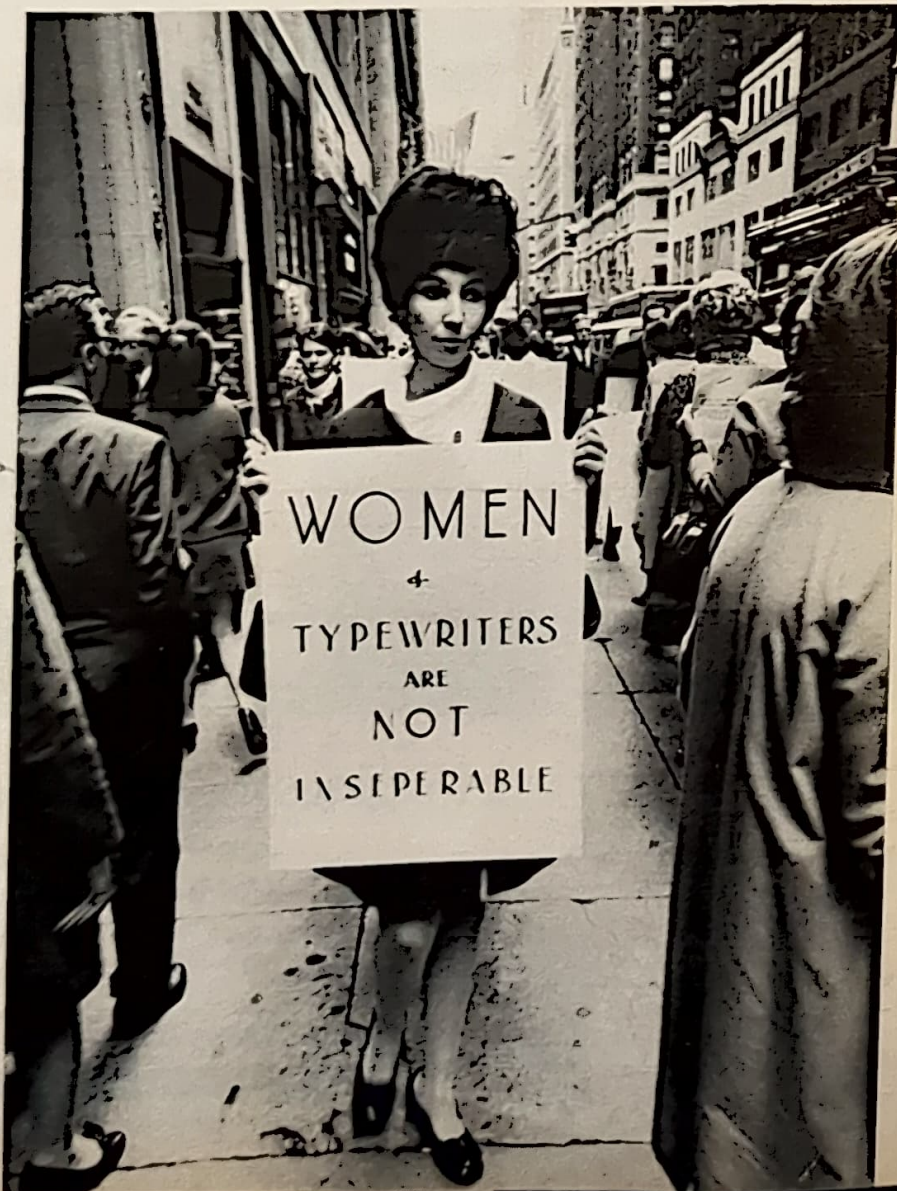
Nancy cried, "What has that got to do with making decisions?"


I asked Wessell, "Would you say the same things about black people?" He grew sober. "I have nothing against black people."

"But you wouldn't make jokes about their abilities," I said. "Why do you joke about women?"

Wessell grinned. "Well, most of the women I know are not that sensitive about it."

I smiled back at him. "Not for long."





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Full Strength Cocktails



Any art your child can do

They can do worse

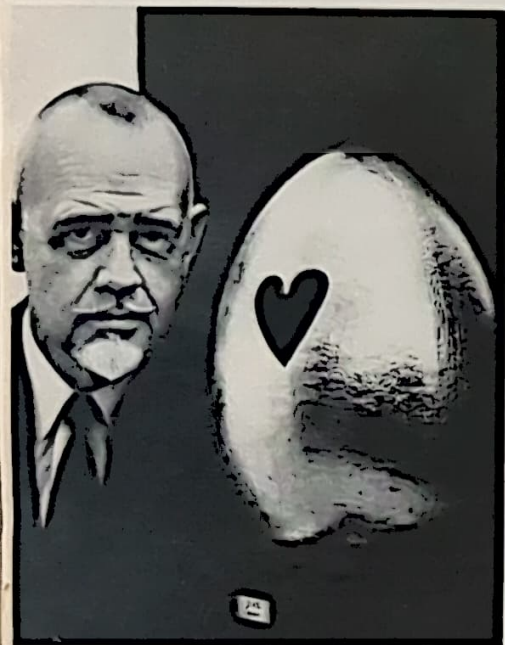
The annual members' art show at the Architectural League of New York has never been anything to rave about, but this year's show was a deliberate disaster. When League members proposed, as usual, that the upcoming exhibit should be "better than ever," Artist Les Levine, the League's vice president for sculpture, quipped, "Why not make it worse than ever?" Members were urged to submit their "worst work"—the things they regretted doing and weren't proud to show. Nearly everyone responded with a vengeance, leaping at the opportunity to display their most abominable creations. Thirty works were deemed bad enough to include—enough to make the show excruciatingly awful and funny. "Many carefully selected museum shows end up with the comment, 'My child could do better than that,'" says Levine. "'Your Worst Work' is a show which hopefully anyone's child could do better than."



I started out with the best intentions in the world," explains Long Island Artist Aida Whedon (right), who sent in a ceramic figurine that misfired. "But somehow this hideous thing appeared before me. I don't think I'll ever touch clay again." Les Levine (above) broods before a poster he designed that was rejected as "not professional." He considers it his worst work because "I didn't get paid for it."



'It never worked
even when
I kicked it'



New Jersey Sculptor J. H. Manhold served up an aluminum egg pierced by a heart-shaped hole, which he calls *Eve*. He meant it to be "the old classical subject which I thought to be great—*Eve*, a heartless egg—until I discovered that nobody understood it."



Adelaide Ungerland, who runs an art advisory service in New York, confesses, "I'm really not sure which is the front and which is the back" of her construction, *Demise of the Ping-Pong Ball Machine with Flashbulbs*. She considers it her worst "because it no longer works. It used to go ping-pong, ping-pong. At one time it thought it was a film projector."

Manhattan Artist Phyllis Mark showed *Apollo Minus 12*, a kinetic sculpture with lights that failed and fans that never got going. "I did it with an engineer," she says. "But it never worked, even when I kicked it."

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Nguyen Thi Tron happily displays dolls and stuffed animals from California, the latest in a year-long flood of gifts

SEQUEL

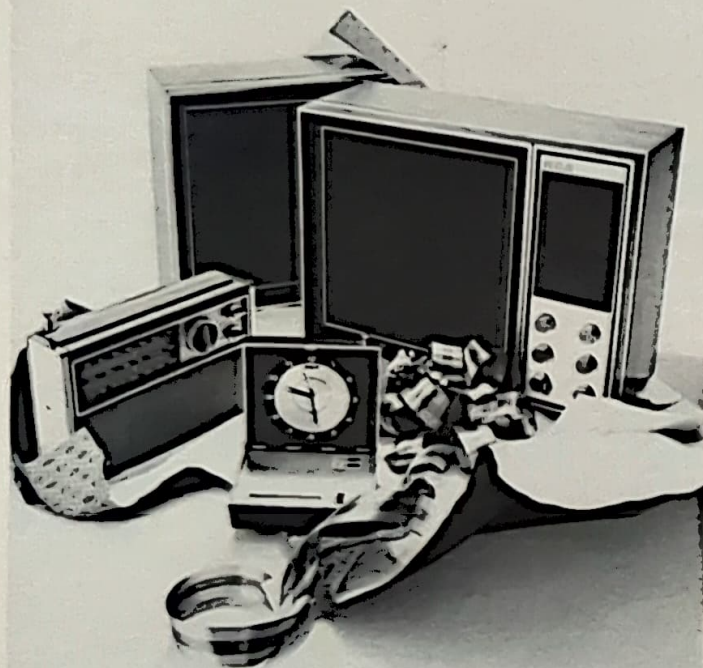
For Tron, gifts and a new leg



Two years ago, a young Vietnamese girl named Nguyen Thi Tron lost half her right leg during an inadvertent American helicopter attack near her village. Last year, she was fitted with an artificial leg (*left*), and Photographer Larry Burrows recorded Tron's painful triumph in learning to walk again (*LIFE*, Nov. 8, 1968). The story brought an outpouring of money and gifts to Tron and her family from U.S. readers. Recently, Burrows visited Tron in her village. He reports that Tron's father has found a job at a nearby U.S. Army camp, and that she has a new baby brother. "Tron was ever cheerful," says Burrows, "but she had outgrown her original artificial leg and found it difficult to walk without an embarrassing limp." So Burrows took Tron to Saigon to be fitted with a new leg (*right*) and to buy six pairs of shoes. Now Tron can walk the two miles to and from school every morning, and look forward to afternoon sewing lessons, paid for by Americans touched by her plight.



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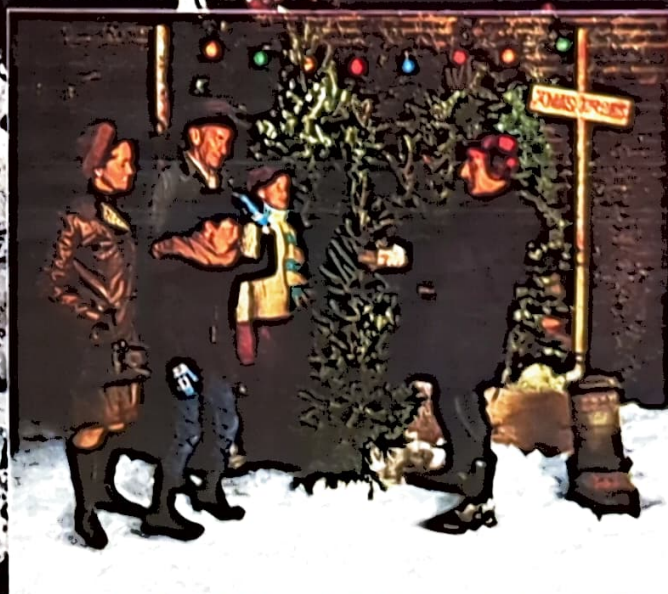
Shopping for shoes like any girl of 13

On her recent trip to Saigon, the prospect of buying new shoes excited Tron almost as much as her new leg. The new limb (*right*) will be too small in a year, and when the stump of her leg has stopped growing she will need an operation to remove bone spurs. But in choosing shoes (*below*), she might have been any 13-year-old girl. She bought five pairs of practical sandals—and couldn't resist a pair of pretty white pumps.



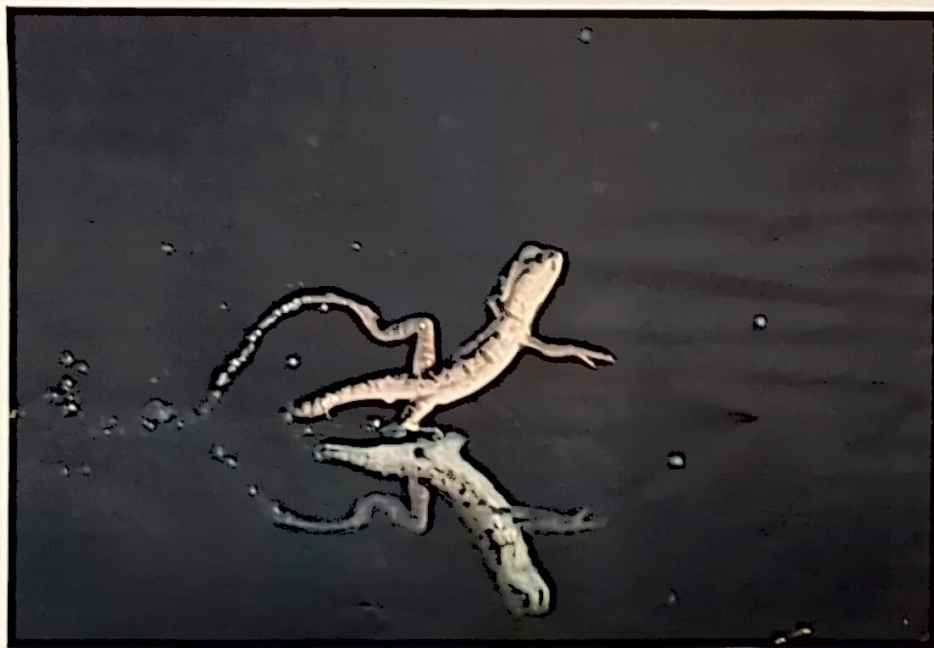
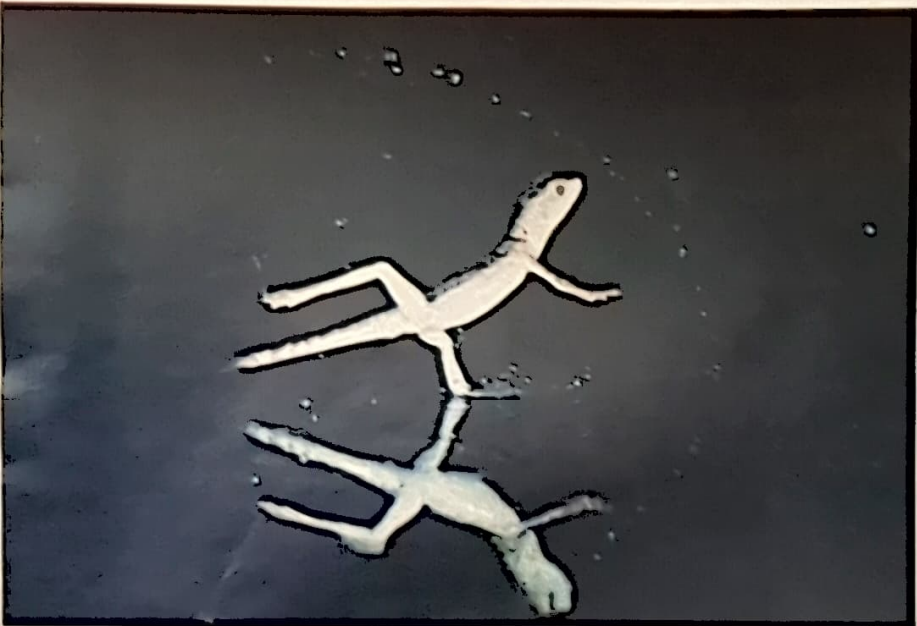
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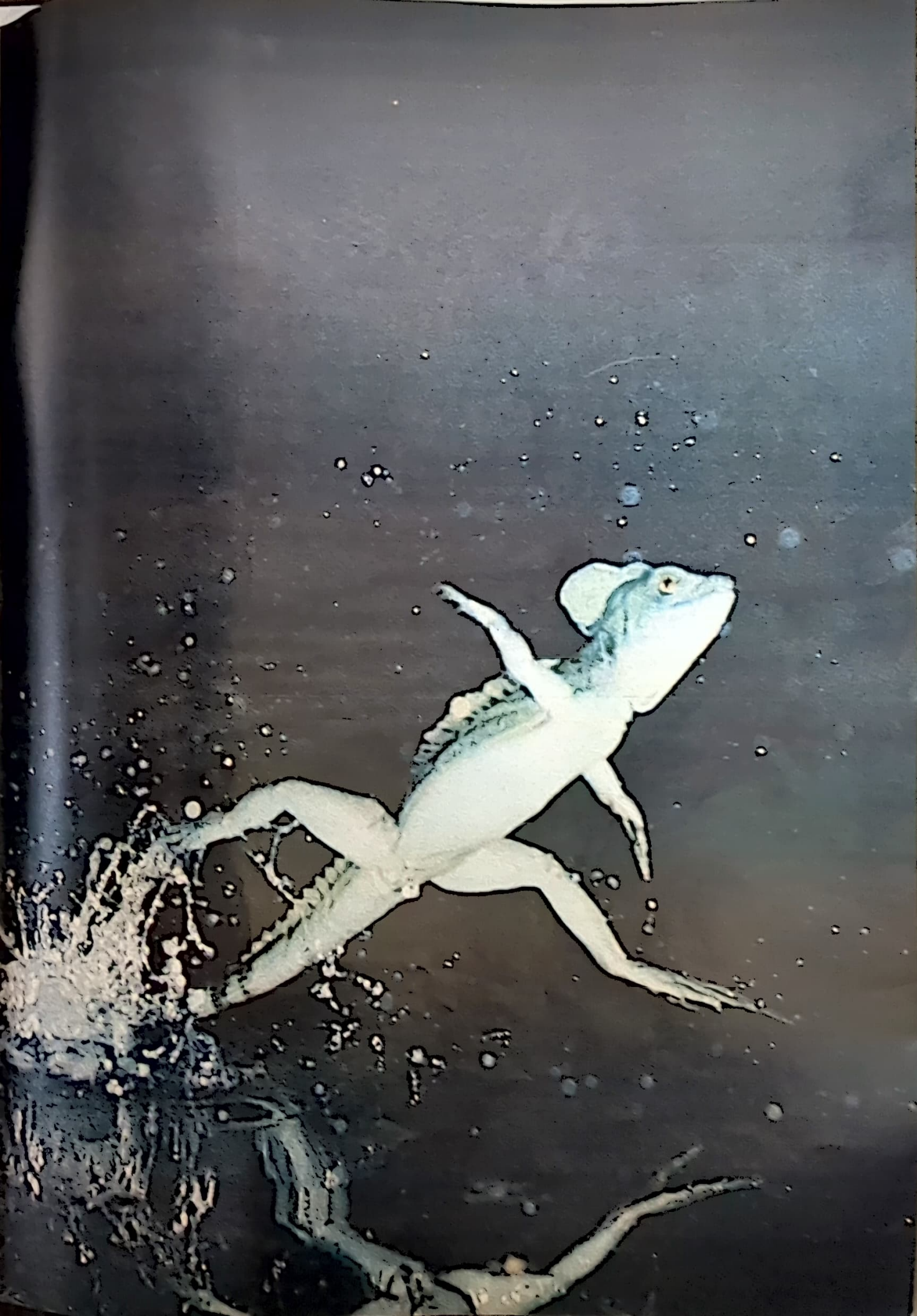
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His yellow eye gleaming, the old male basilisk above is fed a mealworm. The lizard was named for a mythical monster which could kill men with a single piercing glance.

Peering from his display case, the basilisk shows other distinctive features of his variety—a large throat pouch and heavy crests along his head, back and tail.



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